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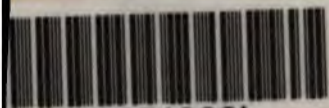
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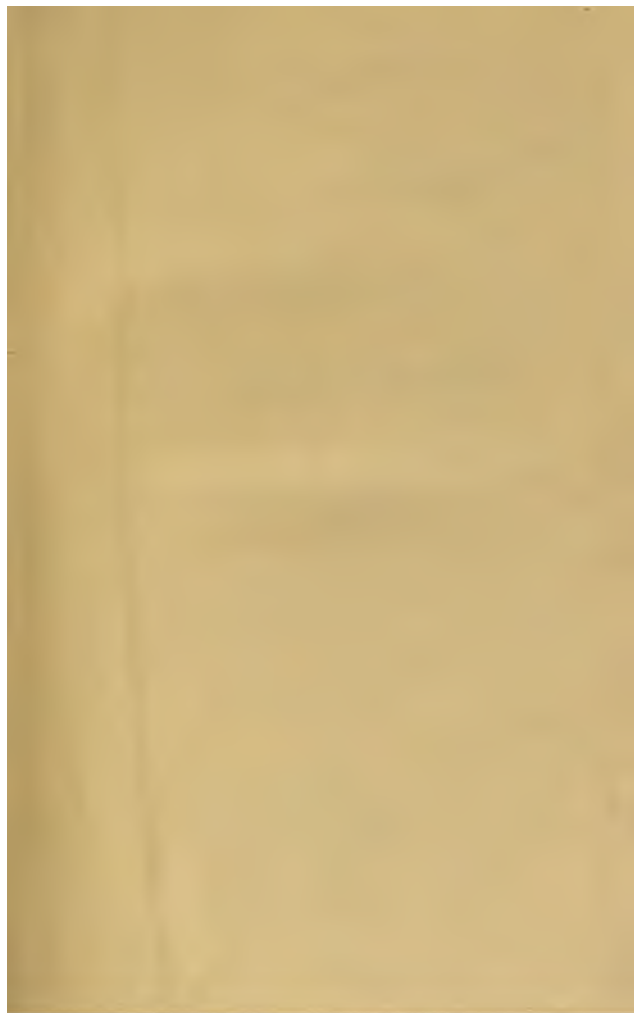
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USE THEM;
OR,
GATHERED FRAGMENTS:
MISSIONARY HINTS,
AND
ANECDOTES FOR THE YOUNG.
BY
MRS. BEDDOW.

"In as much as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

"And they brought unto him infants that he should touch them. And Jesus said, Suffer little children to come unto me: for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:
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PREFACE.

THE design of the following pages is simply to direct the attention of children to such means of usefulness as are level to the capacity of every individual, and to induce parents and teachers to encourage the young committed to their care, to find pleasure in the pursuit of virtuous and benevolent actions.

One child in one family may be able to do but little—the combined efforts of several may amount to much. If one family would aid another in preparing presents for our Missionary schools, or in raising contributions for the support of orphans, how easily this department of Missionary finance might be provided.

Children generally take great interest in being allowed to engage in works of mercy, when properly and prominently set before them; and if parents would take pains early to train them to little acts of self-denial, and point out to them the advantage it would be both to themselves and others, to save some of their half-pence to cast into the treasury of God, instead of spending all upon the indulgence of their appetites, a vast amount would be added every year. Perhaps a greater injury cannot be done to children,

than allowing them to indulge in the constant practice of squandering away money upon trifles while young, as the habit increases as they grow up. Many children, even in large families, expect money almost every day, to spend in fruit or cakes. These little daily sums, added up at the end of the year, would make a respectable item in any charitable contribution: and children early taught to see and feel the pleasure of helping others, would, in most instances, cheerfully give, especially toward the instruction of the poor heathen.

We want more Missionary reading for children; they are neither sufficiently acquainted with Missionary operations, nor aware of their own ability to assist in carrying them forward. Christian parents would do well to introduce their children early into the career of religious benevolence, endeavouring to make them sensible of the pressing wants of the heathen, both at home and abroad. Thus, much of the time now frittered away might be redeemed, and spent in aiding the Saviour's cause, and we should see many a "Solitary place glad," and many a "Desert blossom as the rose."

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

IN preparing this little Work for the press, the author did not suppose it would reach a Second Edition; but scarcely six months after its first publication, a Second Edition was called for. It is gratifying to state, that she has received several pleasing testimonies to its usefulness, in leading young persons to engage in efforts to assist the cause of Missions. If the schools or funds of the Missionary Societies receive any benefit from this publication, the praise shall be given to God; while she will feel herself amply rewarded, by having, in any measure, contributed to the promotion of His glory.

It may be proper to mention, that in this edition the Title is altered, and that many improvements have been, at least, attempted in the work itself.

M. B.

Birmingham.

CHAPTER I.

MRS. MORTIMER was a lady rather beyond the middle age of life, residing in a large and populous village; and being of a lively turn of mind, and cheerful temper, was a favourite with most of the young persons of her acquaintance. Having carefully brought up her own family, who were now all from home, and being naturally fond of children, her nieces and nephews were often staying with her. On one of these occasions, little Margaret Stanley came to her aunt in great glee to shew her a new doll, and some pieces of silk, muslin, lace, and gauze, which had been given her by one of her cousins, to dress the doll. She was accompanied by her sister Harriet, who was several years older, and who had engaged to make miss doll's

new clothes, an event anticipated with great pleasure by both the little girls.

The silks were accordingly spread out, that the prettiest might be chosen for a bonnet and pelerine. A piece of white gauze was selected for a veil; some muslin for a frock, and lace for trimming. Then followed a long discussion (worthy the importance of the subject) about a dress apron, whether it should be silk, trimmed with lace, or braid, or white net-work, in a pretty pattern. Margaret thought a silk apron would do best, because it could be finished in less time than the net could be worked; but Harriet was for trying to work the net one. Aunt was appealed to for her decision, and all the materials underwent another inspection.

Mrs. Mortimer took a more careful survey of the children's treasures than they expected, and appeared to be thinking and planning, as she took up first one piece and then another.

"Perhaps aunt," said Harriet, "now you are getting old, you do not like dressing dolls, and think it all nonsense, as Miss Wilson's mamma does, who never lets her little girls have dolls,

and says she has no patience with such things. I wonder how that can be, for I should think she used to like dolls when she was a child."

Mrs. Mortimer smiled and said, "No, my dear, I do not think it nonsense, as I well remember the pleasure I used to take in such things, and the satisfaction I felt at being able to cut out frocks, and all the etcæteras of female attire. I even made my doll night clothes, and sheets, and pillow covers, and towels; but what pleased me above all, was working in chain-stitch, with coloured silks, in a beautiful pattern, a pair of pockets, such as are now quite old fashioned."

"A pair of pockets!" exclaimed both the little girls at once, "O how droll; and pray aunt, did your doll wear them? and did she have a pocket handkerchief in each of them, or what did she put in them? do please to tell us all about this curious pair of pockets."

"Well then, my dears," said their aunt, "since it so much amuses you, I will. The said pockets were sent me as a present from London; the pattern was ready drawn; there

were silks to work with, and one flower was begun, to shew me the proper shades. As I was but a little girl, I did not know how to do the stitch, so my good mother kindly laid aside her work to teach me, and I managed to work one flower the evening the pockets arrived; but as it was winter, I could not clearly see the colours by candle light, and longed for morning, that I might see how well it would look then. At length day-light came, and I was not at all disappointed, as the colours looked even brighter and better than I expected.

“So anxious was I to finish them, that I wanted to go to work again directly after breakfast; but my kind and good mother told me I had things of more importance to attend to first, and when my plain work and lessons were completed, she would shew me how to do another flower.

“I was very attentive to my lessons and sewing all the morning, and obtained leave to work at my pockets in the afternoon. In rather more than a week, the working of them was finished; but how was I to stitch round them

like other pockets? For as I could not draw a thread, this seemed a great trouble; however, my mother helped me out, by making a pencil mark round, and at last the pockets were complete. They were soon tied outside miss doll's frock, and carried to every one in the house to be looked at; it is true they were designed for a doll much larger than mine, but that did not signify, as they were so smart and handsome; besides, it was so womanly to have two large pockets. I remember keeping them for many years, and I always felt pleased at seeing them, as it reminded me of the engaging manner of not only learning to work flowers, but to back-stitch without having a thread drawn, and to put on a binding."

"I am sure it was all very pleasant, aunt," said Harriet, "and can you tell us any thing else about work?"

"Yes, my dear, a great deal, and this is what I wish to call your attention to, and what I was thinking about when I looked at your treasures. There are many useful ways of spending time, and using up all our spare pieces in the present

day, that were not thought of when I was young. I often deeply regret the loss of so much valuable time spent in patch-work, open-work, filligree, darning pieces, and maps worked in marking-stitch, all merely for our own use. Now, even children may employ their talent in various ways of usefulness. These pieces you are going to cut up for your doll, will with a little management, make at least a dozen pin-cushions or needle-books, for some poor children in the Missionary schools, besides dressing your doll very handsomely; and if you like I will assist you in cutting them out, that nothing may be wasted."

"Dear, aunt, wasted! why they are only odd bits my cousin Jane gave me, and she said they were good for nothing; I should have cut out the things we wanted, and thrown the remainder away; what is the use of being so careful? such things can never be worth sending to any school."

Mrs. Mortimer kindly smiled upon the children and replied, "Certainly it would not be worth while to send merely the articles that

could be made with *these* pieces; but if several people would unite and put all their odd pieces together, how soon they would accumulate, and many useful things might be made that would be worth sending; but as we may exercise our ingenuity another evening in making these things, we will then enter more into the subject, when I think I shall be able to convince you, that we may do good with very little expense, and render some assistance to a Society that has been the means of much usefulness, without withdrawing our subscription from any other object. Your mother, I am sure, will approve of the plan, and encourage you to do all you are able; though her own attention to family duties will prevent her from taking a very active part in our engagements. I believe there never was a time when help was more needed than it is now; and it is the duty of every one to do according to the ability God has given, to promote the spread of the gospel."

CHAPTER II.

THE happy day arrived for Mrs. Mortimer and her young relatives to cut out the doll's clothes. Harriet was for taking her scissars and cutting at random; her aunt advised her to cut a pattern in paper, as it was much better to be correct at first; it would enable her to cut out to more advantage, and also prove useful to her as she grew up, and would have things of more importance to manage and contrive.

After all had been planned to the mutual satisfaction of the young party, and they had pronounced all very pretty, the fragments were gathered together. Mrs. Mortimer took some cards out of her desk, and began to cut shapes of various sorts and sizes to use them all up. Margaret was about to throw some small pieces of silk into the fire as entirely useless, when her aunt told her she intended to use them, and requested she would wait and see what could be done with them; the child expressed

her surprise, and felt certain nothing could be done with such scraps; her aunt made no further remark, but set her to rove the silk out with a needle, while she employed herself in covering some of the shapes and sewing them together.

Presently a very neat pincushion in the form of a basket was finished, but as it looked rather naked at the corners she took some of the rovings of silk and formed it into pretty little tufts, which were quite an ornament. Next a square pincushion was made, decorated at each corner with a handsome tassel, made also of the silk rovings.

The children were delighted, and "Aunt make this,"—"Please to make this," echoed and re-echoed, till the doll's dress was almost forgotten.

Several other shapes were completed in the course of the evening, with the assistance the children could render, who declared they had never spent a happier day, and wondered how it was that every body did not try to save things to do good with; especially great girls

who often had so many things to spare, like Miss Fletcher and Miss Heradine, and their sisters, who have such plenty, and are always beginning things, and either let them lay about and spoil, or give them away.

"I really do think," said Harriet, "they would like to be useful, if any one would teach them. Aunt, may I ask them to come some day and see what you have made with only these scraps?" Mrs. Mortimer was much pleased with the proposal, and said the next time their mamma could spare them, they might ask their young friends to come, as she should be happy to direct their attention to objects of usefulness. She then affectionately kissed the children, who repeated their text of scripture, and joined with their aunt in singing a hymn, after which, they knelt down and closed the evening with prayer: at this season the state of the poor heathen was never forgotten, and many fervent petitions ascended in behalf of the Missionaries, that God would spare their lives, and make them abundantly useful.

As some of my readers may probably wish to know what hymn our friends sang, a copy is inserted to gratify them.

EVENING HYMN.

Thou who in thy realms above,
Sittest on thy throne of love;
While we bend the suppliant knee,
Deign to listen graciously.

Let some beams of mercy glow
On thy little ones below; •
So that we thy love may share,
While we raise our evening prayer.

Now, amid the twilight dim,
We would tune the grateful hymn;
Thankful for the favours given,
Joyful in the hope of heaven.

When soft slumber seals the eye,
May we feel that Thou art nigh;
Safe beneath thy favouring care,
Thou whose mercy answers prayer.

And when morning's burst of light,
Puts the startled shades to flight;
May some bright celestial ray,
Shine upon our onward way.

CHAPTER III.

ABOUT a week after, Harriet and her sister obtained leave of their mamma to repeat their visit to aunt Mortimer, and took with them their young friends, Caroline Fletcher, and Mary Heradine, who were induced to go, out of curiosity, not that they thought they should like a working visit. The elder sisters of both the young ladies were gone out on a party of pleasure, which made them more desirous of going out, that they also might have something to talk about and tell their sisters.

Mrs. Mortimer saw them coming, and went to the door to welcome them.

"Oh aunt," exclaimed little Margaret, "we have brought Caroline and Mary to see your pretty things; they are both pleased with my doll, and think her dress really beautiful, and wonder how you could make such pretty dresses out of nothing but odd pieces; I am sure they

will wonder more, when they see what you have made besides."

Mrs. Mortimer shook hands with all her young visitors, and led them into the parlour, and when they were seated, gave them some fruit to refresh them after walking. She then went to a closet and brought out a very pretty box, made of thick pasteboard, covered with coloured paper, and ornamented with flowers, with a label pasted on the top, on which was written, in large letters, *Economy and Utility*.

"Dear aunt," said Harriet, "what a pretty box you have there, I dare say you made it on purpose to surprise us; but what do you mean by economy and utility? I suppose it is something to do with our work."

"I mean," said Mrs. Mortimer, "to put into this box any thing, however trifling, which my friends may choose to give me, and to try how many useful articles we can make, by turning every thing to the best account; and thus my young friends may learn both to practise economy and to make themselves useful, when they visit me and are willing to be employed,

as I hope always to have a supply of work for them."

"Oh," said Caroline Fletcher, "I have always twopence a week to spend, and I will save a penny to buy ribbon or fringe to trim work-bags."

"And I," said Mary Heradine, "will ask my mamma, and aunt Louisa, and I think papa, each to give me sixpence, to buy silk or satin to make up; and if Margaret and Harriet will save their money, how very pleasant it will be, and what pretty things we can make."

Mrs. Mortimer assured them she was much pleased to find they were so willing to give their money, but said she did not wish it to be spent in the purchase of silks or ribbon, as it might be laid out for more important purposes, which she would endeavour, at some future time as they sat at work, to explain; for the present, she wished them to save their money till she pointed out a way to dispose of it, which would be useful to others, and satisfactory to themselves.

"We will now set about our work," said she,

“and see how many useful things we can make without spending money, and as you are all young and but learners (except Harriet), I have chosen very plain and common work for to day. Margaret, you can make this work-bag; I have fixed it all ready; and when it is finished we will put in a thimble, a needle-case, and pincushion. It will thus make a pretty present for some little girl in a Missionary school. I dare say Miss Fletcher will make the needle-book, and Miss Heradine, the pincushion.”

The young ladies declared their willingness, if Mrs. Mortimer would give instructions, but they really could not do it without. The task was much easier than they expected, and at the close of the evening they were not a little pleased to see how much work they had done.

Harriet had assigned to her, some pieces of print and calico to make another bag, which she declared would be quite patch-work, and she thought very ugly; but as it was only for a poor heathen child, it would not signify how it was done, as she would know no better.

Her aunt replied, "You are very much mistaken, my dear; these pieces, with a little management, may be made into a really handsome bag, and I like to see people take pains even with common things; besides, the poor heathen girls should have a good example set them; and I am of opinion, that whatever we do for this purpose should be done well, as we have, in a measure, to form their character. If we send presents to our Missionaries' wives, with a view to encourage their scholars in learning to work, the articles we send should be made well enough to serve them for patterns."

"Please aunt," said Harriet, "give me a little of your advice, and I will try my very very best, and take care in future not to work so as to feel ashamed of having it sent as a Missionary present. Here are the pieces; which had I better take for the middle?"

"You may take this piece for the middle," answered Mrs. Mortimer, "with the full blown rose and bud, and the dark pieces to make a star round it; then the calico to bring it into

proper shape, and this striped chintz you may cut into borders to finish it."

"Thank you, thank you, aunt," said Harriet, "I am quite delighted; I should never have thought of planning so cleverly. Now, where are the needles and cotton? Why aunt, the needles are all rusty, how can I work with them? Where did you get such queer things? And the cotton, I am sure that does not look as if it belonged to you; what a state it is in; this would not do for an example even for the Hottentots."

The children all laughed at Harriet's remarks, and Mrs. Mortimer observed, "You know, my dear, we set out upon the system of economy, and my box is to contain any thing we can turn to useful purposes, that I can obtain as a gift. Since you were here last, I have seen Mr. Ford, the haberdasher, who, when he was taking stock, found a great number of rusty needles, which were of course unsaleable. I made him acquainted with the object we have in view, and added, we should be very glad of a few of the needles, if he had no objection to give us part

of them. He very kindly gave me a great many, and also promised me some other articles; he then shewed me this lot of cotton, which the mice had spoiled by eating off the papers and nibbling the balls, so that many of them were good for nothing, and said, if I thought it worth taking, I was quite welcome to all of it. I was much obliged to him, as there is a great deal we can pick out with care. It will be very useful and last a long time for common purposes.

"Now, Harriet, if you take a packet of these rusty needles and lay them upon the hearth-stone in the kitchen, and rub them well with your foot, that will take off great part of the rust, and your emery cushion will afterwards fit them for use. You will then be able to work with them; but I should never advise you to purchase rusty needles, because of having them cheaper; this would not be economy. For good work, I should recommend all young ladies to have the best cotton and needles."

Harriet cleaned the needles according to her aunt's direction, and was getting on very well

with her bag, till she came to use the calico, which troubled her sadly, as it was so stiff; she told her aunt she thought it ought to be washed to make it softer, as mamma always had the calico for their night-gowns washed before making.

Her aunt replied, "It would not look so well after washing, nor keep clean so long; but if you look in the drawer of my work table, you will find a piece of white soap, take that and rub the edges of the calico where you are going to sew it, two or three times over, and you will then find no difficulty in sewing it."

Harriet looked rather incredulous, but followed her aunt's advice, of which she soon found the advantage. "Dear, aunt," said she, "I cannot think how it is you find out so many things; I thought the soap would make the calico very disagreeable to work upon; I wonder what we shall learn next."

"My dear children," said Mrs. Mortimer, "I have lived many more years in the world than you, and, consequently, ought to know much more, yet I am often ashamed of my ignorance, and ready to wish I could have my time over

again, in order to improve it better. What I know, has for the most part, been learned by observation; in my childhood we had no such advantage as you enjoy, either for our own improvement or for doing good to others.

“Let me entreat you all to value your privileges, and endeavour to employ your talents to the glory of God, and in doing good to your fellow-creatures. ‘The lines are fallen to you in pleasant places,’ and your lot is cast in happy times; for while you are working for others, how much you may learn that will be for your own good, and that will prove advantageous as you grow up in life. I have been thinking it would be both pleasant and profitable for you, to devote one afternoon in the week to working for the Missionary Society. I know many friends who will at once give us many little things as materials, who have not time to devote to making them up, though they would like to do it. Now, you are all young and have leisure, and I shall be happy to give you all the advice and assistance in my power, and wish you to meet at my house.”

Nothing could have afforded the youthful party more pleasure than this proposal. They entered into it with all their heart; and Caroline and Mary were delighted to find they were included in the invitation.

"There may be some danger," added Mrs. Mortimer, "of our growing weary in well doing; it will therefore be better to adopt some rules to guide our future efforts, and give stability to our plans. I think you all have a holiday on Thursday afternoon. I should therefore advise, when the weather is suitable, that you ask leave to walk at twelve o'clock. You may then have a long afternoon to spend with me, and we will try what progress we can make in three months. I think you will be both surprised and pleased to see, at the end of that time, how many things we have made, and you will thus be encouraged to persevere."

Caroline Fletcher declared, for her part, that she did not want to walk at all on Thursdays, but had rather work all day, she should like it so much.

Mrs. Mortimer said, "My dear children, all

things are to be attended to in proper time and place, and as the health of young people is of vast importance, it requires attention; and since nothing is more conducive to health than exercise in the open air, I hope you will never neglect your accustomed walks, but do every thing in your power to make yourselves strong and vigorous; as persons of delicate constitutions cannot enjoy life so well, or make such exertions in the cause of benevolence as those who are hearty and active. A person who can take long walks is more independent, and has more frequent opportunities of seeing the country, and going out on errands of benevolence, than others, who must wait till they can ride; moreover, health is one of the talents committed to us, and it is our duty to use it for the glory of God.

“But to proceed with our plan: if we meet every week, after we are a little more used to our work and can go on with it more readily, we shall be in danger of having a great deal of gossiping, or idle chit chat; and as I am desirous not only to aid the Missionary cause,

but promote your advancement in knowledge, especially in knowledge that relates to the spiritual wants of the world, and the deplorable ignorance of poor heathen children, we will employ our time in relating Missionary anecdotes, or reading some interesting books that bear upon the subject. Sometimes I shall read to you, letters that have been received from Missionaries or their wives, containing melancholy instances of ignorance and woe among the poor heathen children they have gathered together from the surrounding multitude, who are equally wretched and miserable; at other times I shall tell you what has been done by children like yourselves in England, to rescue these pitiable objects from their degraded state of misery and sin, and shew you how God has smiled upon their efforts to promote his glory. I hope, indeed, that you, with your superior privileges, may all grow up holy and happy, a blessing to your parents, and an ornament to the circle in which you move, as well as active and efficient agents in our religious institutions. I sincerely hope every one of you may, in time,

become a valuable Sabbath School Teacher. This has become a very important branch of christian duty, and is calculated to raise up many more Missionaries.

“Suppose we call ours a ‘Juvenile Working Society for promoting Christian Knowledge,’ and agree:—

1. “To meet every Thursday afternoon, to work for the Missionary schools.”

2. “That each member solicit from her friends either materials to make up, or any little articles already made.” •

3. “That all articles obtained, be given in charge to Mrs. Mortimer, who is to be superintendent of the society.”

4. “That Miss Harriet Stanley be secretary.”

“As our number is too small to select a committee, we must all act.”

The young folks laughed most heartily at the idea of a superintendent, and secretary, and committee, for their little society; and wondered what the secretary would have to do.

Mrs. Mortimer told them, she hoped their number would soon increase; that as superin-

tendent, she might have a great deal to do; that in the present infant state of the society she had better be storekeeper likewise; that Harriet, as secretary, would have very little to do at first; but that it would be pleasant to them all (if they prospered) to look back upon this small beginning, and see how few names appeared at the commencement of the undertaking. Memorandums, also, were to be made of the books read at their meetings, and of the articles given away, and to what part of the world they were sent. It was also thought desirable when a present was sent to any school, that one of their number should write to the scholars. In return, they might receive answers from some of their children. A copy of this correspondence would be highly interesting to read over occasionally when any friends visited their working meetings. These friends might, moreover, be induced to join the society, when they heard the grateful thanks of those poor heathen children for favours conferred upon them.

Mary Heradine inquired, how it was they

could write, and to whom they wrote, and who taught them? Mrs. Mortimer answered, that some of them were very quick at learning, and showed their gratitude for being taught by writing to their teacher, who was generally the Missionary or his wife. A promise was also made, to furnish them with books to read, upon this subject.

Harriet's bag was now so far in progress, that all the young party left off their work to admire it; and Margaret thought it so much prettier than her plain one, that she was rather disappointed, and asked what could be done to make her bag look smarter, as she feared no little girl would like it.

Her aunt, anxious to please and encourage all her young friends, sent her to fetch a box containing coloured wools and embroidery worsted, that had been left after working rugs, and told her to pick out the prettiest colour she could find, and she would net a fringe for her little bag, which would make it as smart as Harriet's.

Mrs. Mortimer then had to ornament the pincushions, and give a finishing touch to the

needle-books, which afforded satisfaction to all the little party; and the work was put carefully by in a drawer, which had been emptied for the purpose.

It was then announced that Mrs. Stanley's servant was come to fetch the children home. Harriet asked her aunt if it would be proper to tell Ann what they had been doing, and let her see their work, as she always was so kind to them.

Mrs. Mortimer replied, "Yes, my dear, I am much pleased at your naming it, for though I would guard you against all improper intimacy with servants, and caution you not to talk over family affairs with them, this is very different; I have known many respectable servants who have done a great deal to help the cause of Missions, and I am sure Ann will be pleased to see your work, and probably wish to do something herself."

Ann was accordingly called in, and expressed great joy at seeing the manner in which the young ladies had been employed; adding at the same time, that she had several little articles

she should be happy to give, if Mrs. Mortimer did not think them too common, and that she would ask her acquaintance for something, and should feel pleased at being able, in her humble way, to help the society. Ever since her mistress had lent her the *Missionary Magazine*, she had thought a great deal about it, and wished to do something towards spreading the gospel among the heathen.

Margaret undertook to say, she was sure her aunt would not think Ann's gifts too common, but would be glad of all sorts of things, as they were going to send to so many places and should want so many things, else there would not be one for each of the poor children; and it would not be fair to give to some and not to all.

Mrs. Mortimer joined in the assurance, that she and the young ladies would gladly receive Ann's contribution, however small; and remarked, that it gave her much pleasure to find Ann so willing to aid so good a cause.

CHAPTER IV.

THE young folks went home in high spirits, happy in thinking what they had done, and anticipating great enjoyment in prospect of the future. Harriet and Margaret Stanley hoped their friends were satisfied with the manner in which they had spent the evening. Caroline Fletcher declared she never felt so happy in her life; and Mary Heradine wondered how it was she never liked work before; and both hoped Mrs. Mortimer would continue to tell them about the poor heathen children.

Mrs. Stanley was much gratified at the account her daughters gave of their Missionary performance, and promised to have a general search for all the working materials she could spare.

Herbert Stanley also promised his sisters to paint some birds and butterflies, which aunt Mortimer would shew them how to use for

portfolios, or the tops of work boxes, as the paintings would please the poor children.

"I wonder what Joseph would do, my own dear Joseph, if he was at home," said Margaret. "I shall be so glad when the Christmas holidays come, then I shall see him, and tell him all about it, and take him to one of our meetings where he will see every thing that we have done."

"Do you expect him to work at your meetings?" inquired Herbert, archly.

"No, to be sure not," replied Margaret, "but he will like to see what we have done, and hear aunt talk to us."

"There is no doubt," remarked Mrs. Stanley, "that Joseph will be much gratified at seeing the fruits of your industry and ingenuity, if he comes home at Christmas; and though I suppose it would not be in accordance with your aunt's plan, to grant admission to young gentlemen in a general way; yet I am sure Joseph would be allowed that privilege, as he would not only hear aunt talk, but likewise talk to you a great deal himself, as he is so much at-

tached to the Missionary Society, and could give you so much information."

"Mamma," said Harriet, "I cannot think what aunt Mortimer can mean for us to do with our money. Caroline Fletcher proposed saving a penny a week to buy fringe or braid for work bags, and Mary Heradine is going to beg I do not know how much money for satin or something, and we were to give part of our spending money; but aunt said—No, she would not have our money spent to purchase materials to make up, as she wanted us to save it for a more important purpose, which she would explain another time;—what can it be for?"

Mrs. Stanley advised her children to wait patiently for their aunt's explanation, as she was quite certain their money would be made use of in a way to afford them more lasting satisfaction than the mere purchase of silk or satin for pin-cushions could do, however laudable the object they had in contemplation. She thought it probable their aunt might wish them to increase their subscription to the Missionary fund; and instead of giving a halfpenny a week, to try

and save a penny, as so much was now wanted to enable the directors to carry on their operations.

Harriet did not think that was what her aunt intended, because she would have told them so at once, and they should have understood it without any explanation. She also feared they should not be able to make many pretty things without buying something. Her mamma assured her she need be under no apprehension on that ground, as there was not one of her acquaintance but would find something to give, and many of them would add a great deal to the general stock.

"I knew two ladies," said Mrs. Stanley, "who wished to make up a present to send out by some of our Missionaries, and they made it known among their friends and acquaintance, who willingly helped them. Some gave materials to make up; others assisted them in making; some gave needles, pins, and cottons; others buttons, tape, and thimbles—one gave half a dozen pairs of scissars; various useful articles were contributed from day to day, so

that in about three weeks, nearly five hundred pincushions, and three hundred and fifty needle books, a great many work bags and boxes, besides caps, tippets, and many other little articles, were made up to go abroad, without any expense to the ladies who undertook the management of sending them, so that their subscription was not one farthing diminished; and moreover, many of the persons who aided this benevolent undertaking, had never before done any thing for the Missionary cause. I had almost forgotten to say, that the presents were set out to the best advantage, for the inspection of all friends who had contributed; they brought several strangers with them, who expressed great pleasure at the variety they saw, and wished to give something; ten shillings were received in this way, which were expended in the purchase of scissars.

“One of the ladies has received a letter of thanks from one of the Missionaries, for the kind present, with an assurance, that such articles will at all times be most gratefully received; as nothing proves more encouraging to

the children, than to know that christian ladies in England are interested about them."

"Dear mamma," said Margaret (rousing herself from the short nap into which she had fallen, as it was past her usual bed time), "did you say five hundred pincushions? What could they all be made of? I should like to know what shape they were, and whether they were handsome."

Her mamma was so far able to satisfy her wishes, as to inform her there was scarcely any shape heard of for pincushions, but was found amongst them: such as chairs and tables, cats and dogs, butterflies and birds, sofas and ottomans, bellows and fire screens, fiddles and lyres, down to the very plainest pincushions that can be made; some were very handsome, others quite common; and the materials with which they were made presented as great a variety as the shapes, if not greater; some were made by servants, and many by children.

"Now," said Mrs. Stanley, "as it is so late, you must go to bed, and if it is a fine morning, I will take you to pay a visit, I have long pro-

mised to Mrs. Harrison, of Haddon-Hall; she has no children, and I dare say will very willingly give you some old-fashioned brocade silks, and fine trimmings from her stores, when I inform her for what purpose they are to be used."

Ann was waiting with the candle for the young ladies to go to bed; and Margaret thought she should dream of the five hundred pincushions, made like cats and dogs, and all manner of things.

CHAPTER V.

NOTWITHSTANDING the unusual lateness of the hour at which Harriet and Margaret retired to rest, they awoke early the next morning, and quickly jumped out of bed to ascertain what prospect they had with regard to their promised visit. Happy indeed were they to behold nature robed in all her beauty; the sun shining upon the thousand drops of dew; whilst the air, soft and sweet, blew in at their chamber windows, and the birds raised their morning song to their Creator.

As Mrs. Stanley was a pious woman, she had early instilled into the minds of her children a reverence for the Holy Scriptures, a portion of which they were in the habit of reading together every morning before leaving their room. The nineteenth psalm came in course for the morning, and when Harriet had devoutly read "the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth His handy

work; day unto day uttereth speech," she paused to look upon the firmament, and to speak of the heavens as shewing the marvellous works of God. She then went on to the fifth verse, which speaks of the sun coming out of his chamber.

"Oh sister," said Margaret, "that is what it means in one of my morning hymns,

‘When from the chambers of the east,
His morning race begins;
He never tires, nor stops to rest,
But round the world he shines.’

I shall always like that hymn better now, for I understand it; I am so glad you read that psalm."

Should any of my young readers think the Bible a dull book, and learning hymns a tiresome task, I would affectionately recommend them to adopt the plan pursued by these little girls; and not simply read the words of the Bible, but think and talk about it, and they will soon find beauties they were not aware of, and feel increasing interest in its contents, while endeavouring to understand its meaning. True,

you will find much that you cannot understand, and it will be highly proper to ask your parents or teachers for an explanation; but above all, seek God's blessing in reading the scriptures, as He alone can make you wise unto salvation.

Even David, the man after God's own heart, prayed to God, saying "Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law."

Our young friends met their mamma at the breakfast table with joyful countenances; but nothing was said about their expected pleasure until all the family had united in singing a hymn, listened to the reading of God's holy word, and offered up thanksgiving to God for all his mercies.

Perhaps few families enjoyed more real happiness than the Stanleys. Mr. Stanley, being a commercial man, was very much from home, and his wife devoted herself to domestic duties, and the education of her family.

Their circumstances were by no means affluent; but as their desires were moderate, their pleasures simple and rational, and no ex-

travagance either at the table or in dress was indulged, they found a comfortable competency to supply all their wants, and something to save for the indigent and helpless. Certainly, Mrs. Stanley often wished she could spare more toward the support of the various religious institutions; but knowing that God did not despise the day of small things, she was doubly diligent, to make up by activity and industry in the cause of benevolence, for the little pecuniary aid she could afford.

As soon as the Bible was removed, Margaret said, "Mamma, what a beautiful day for us to go to Haddon-Hall, and how we shall enjoy the walk; but I wish Mrs. Harrison was not quite so old: she looks so grave, and never smiles, and walks so stiff with her ivory-headed stick, I feel almost afraid of her; and how old-fashioned her dress is; I am glad you are going with us, or else I am sure I dare not speak to her."

"Fie! for shame, Margaret," cried Charles; "what, not like people when they are old! and afraid of them because their dress is old-

fashioned; shall you dislike mamma, or aunt Mortimer, when they grow old?"

Mrs. Stanley observed, that many people had good reason to wish Mrs. Harrison was not so old, as well as Margaret; that she might be spared many years as a benefactress to the poor in the village where she resided, and continue to do good, both to their souls and bodies. She assured her little daughter she might dismiss her fears, as Mrs. Harrison was a most worthy woman, though rather peculiar; and the great troubles she had been called to pass through, were enough to make her look grave: as her husband was killed by a fall from his horse; her two daughters were dead; and her only boy grew up an undutiful son and went abroad, and had never been heard of since.

Tears came into the children's eyes at this recital, and Harriet and Margaret both experienced a change of feeling towards this benevolent old lady, and each determined to exert herself to the utmost to manifest respect and attention to Mrs. Harrison.

Things were soon arranged for their setting

out, as their simple dress required but little time to put on; and the orderly management of the family seldom rendered it necessary for the mistress to be detained, just at the time she wanted to leave home.

We will not detain our young readers by detailing the particulars of the walk, or the remarks made on the scenery, which was diversified with hill and dale, wood and water, and many other beauties; for, as the Stanleys were great admirers of nature, these remarks might appear tedious to those who are already desirous of knowing more of Haddon-Hall, and its inmates.

Although Harriet and her sister thought long to be introduced to Mrs. Harrison; yet, on their approach to the house, which was certainly as old-fashioned as its owner, with a garden in front, laid out in square beds, and long straight borders, edged with very high box, and many box and yew trees cut into curious shapes, forming an avenue to the entrance, they felt an undefined sort of awe creep over them, as they were about to be ushered into the presence of

this venerable lady, whose character had risen still higher in their estimation, from various circumstances in her history related by their mother, during their morning walk, and the touching account she gave of the deep and trying sufferings Mrs. Harrison had been called to pass through, and of the exemplary christian conduct exhibited under her complicated woes. Even Margaret's high spirits were chastened, and she herself looked *grave*.

The hall door was opened by an elderly man, who had resided in the family from boyhood, and acted in the double capacity of gardener and footman; in fact, he might be called steward, as much of the management of the old lady's property was entrusted to him. The two female servants were also advanced in age, and enjoyed the full confidence of their kind mistress; and all was in perfect keeping, except one rosy-faced merry-looking girl, who was kept to wait upon the old servant.

The oak floor of the hall was polished so bright, that the young strangers were several times in danger of falling, before the parlour

door was opened to usher them into the presence of Mrs. Harrison, who arose from her high-backed arm-chair to meet them, with such an affectionate smile and kind welcome, that every shadow of fear was instantly dispelled; and they soon found that the inhabitants of Haddon-Hall, though *old* and *old-fashioned*, knew how to prepare and impart such gratifications, as conduce to the comfort and happiness of their guests, whether old or young.

After waiting, and partaking of suitable refreshment of cakes and fruit, our young folks went to see the garden, and fish-pond, and peacock; with many other things that we must forbear to enlarge upon, as our chief object is to bring forward more prominently, circumstances connected with the Missionary Society, for the benefit of young readers.

Good old Reuben the footman, and Janet the merry-faced young waiting maid, accompanied the visitors to shew them every thing likely to please and interest them. And as Reuben had been servant at the hall, when his own dear young ladies (as he always called

Mrs. Harrison's daughters) were alive, he was highly delighted with the office assigned him; though the tear would sometimes glisten in his eye, at the recollection of by-gone days—days of pleasure spent with these dear and interesting children, whom the providence of God saw fit to remove so soon from our world.

In the course of their ramble, Janet made them sufficiently acquainted with her history, to confirm their exalted opinion of Mrs. Harrison.

Janet was left an orphan at an early age, and having no friend, must have gone to the work-house, but for the kind interference of Providence, in raising up a friend for her in her kind mistress; who, after placing her in the school, where she was taught such things as were suitable to her station in life, had now taken her into her own house, where she was learning not only such things as are useful for this life, but what is of infinitely greater importance, was carefully instructed in the things pertaining to the kingdom of heaven.

Mrs. Stanley had been fully engaged in conversation with Mrs. Harrison, and had, ac-

cording to promise, mentioned the "Juvenile Working Society." The old lady had her own plans of doing good, and her charity was by no means small, yet perhaps, to tell the truth, her ideas were a little contracted: she might justly be called one of a former generation; and as she mingled so little with the world, could not very well fall in with the active and enterprising genius of the age, and had done but little for the Missionary cause; considering it her duty to attend to the wants of those around her, and acting upon the precept, that "charity begins at home," she almost forgot that it should not end there.

She had, moreover, a sort of dread, lest young people should be put too forward, by becoming collectors or agents in our different laudable societies; and a bazaar was, to her, a very doubtful medium of doing good; but as she entertained a high opinion of the christian prudence, both of Mrs. Stanley, and her sister Mrs. Mortimer, and understood that the little effort to do good was not intended to interfere with any other branch of charity, and

be conducted upon such simple and economical principles, it met with her cordial approval, and commended itself to her mind, as acting upon the command of our Saviour upon another occasion, "gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost."

As the children were regaling themselves with some delicious fruit after dinner, the old lady entered upon the subject in the most familiar manner; and having heard from them what articles they had already made, and of what their present store consisted, she observed, this was indeed a society of humble origin, and that it was a pity so much had been squandered for want of thought, which, if properly applied, might have supported such societies throughout the kingdom, and been the means of encouraging many poor children in heathen lands. "I am thankful," said she, "that my attention is thus aroused, having many, many things by me, that I can never use, and which are quite unfit to give to the poor; but with your aunt's ingenuity, and your industry, they may be applied to valuable purposes: and I sincerely hope many more young

people may be induced to join you. When you have finished your fruit, we will go up stairs and see what we can find."

Harriet and her sister instantly relinquished their present enjoyment, to enter upon one they had been secretly longing for all day; and Mrs. Harrison leaned upon her friend Mrs. Stanley, to assist her up stairs, instead of summoning Hannah, who was her usual attendant, and the frequent almoner of her bounty; but as this was something out of the ordinary way, it required time to mature her own ideas upon the subject before Hannah was to witness this new channel of usefulness, which might soon flow with a deep and rapid stream, if all would follow the example of Mrs. Mortimer and her young friends, especially if supported by such liberal grants as were afterwards sent from Haddon-Hall.

Mrs. Harrison soon unlocked the doors of an old-fashioned Indian cabinet, and taking a seat, bade Harriet bring her the drawers one at a time. Margaret stood by in silent astonishment, never having seen such rich and ancient dresses before, and wondered which of these

smart things would be given them, and earnestly wishing her aunt was there to see them all. Just at that moment, Mrs. Harrison took out a pink and white striped satin cloak, trimmed with white gyp, which she thought would make some very handsome bags; also, an elegant rose-coloured brocade petticoat for the same purpose; a quantity of Chinelle trimming, gold and silver fringe, with a variety of ornaments, and a number of beads as large as bird's eggs; a stomacher embroidered with gold thread, some figured-gauze lappets; the flounce of a petticoat, beautifully worked with coloured crewels, besides a variety of odd pieces. As she gave these to her young visitors, she expressed a hope, that they would make the best of them; and that when some of the things were finished, either their mother or their aunt would accompany them to Haddon-Hall, that she might see what they had done. She told them it was most likely she should, by that time, find something else for them; and that Hannah and Janet, might perhaps be able to make a few plain things. She then offered the children

half-a-crown, to purchase any little article required for finishing their work. The children looked at their mother, and hesitated about taking it; when Harriet, with much modesty, stated all her aunt had said about not spending money, as she wished them to save it for something of more consequence.

"Take it then, my dear," replied the old lady, "for this important purpose, whatever it may be; and I hope all you engage in may be done in the fear of the Lord, and that his blessing may crown your efforts. Dr. Watts has well said:—

‘When we devote our youth to God,
 ’Tis pleasing in his eyes;
 A flower, when offered in the bud,
 Is no vain sacrifice.’

"Be thankful, my dear young friends, that you are thus early in life instructed to do good to others."

Tea was now announced, and this social meal was rendered pleasant by cheerful and pious conversation. Mrs. Stanley had always taken great interest in the different Missionary

Societies, and was able to give her aged friend much pleasing intelligence upon the subject; but as the London Missionary Society had peculiar claims upon her, as she had in some measure been connected with it from childhood, and watched with delight its increasing usefulness; she did not lose this opportunity of pointing out the embarrassed state of its finances, arising from its enlarged sphere of operations; by which means, she obtained from her friend a donation, to what amount we are not authorised to inform our juvenile readers.

Having three miles to walk home, the party left Haddon-Hall at an early hour. Janet, according to promise, had gathered them two beautiful nosegays, and she went with them part of the way, to carry the bundle of treasures which Mrs. Harrison had given, as well as the flowers which she herself had gathered.

"Mamma," said Harriet, as soon as Janet left them, "I think I never spent a more agreeable day; and yet some times I felt so sad, when I thought of Mrs. Harrison's daughters, that I could scarcely keep from crying; and

even now, the sight of these flowers almost overcomes me, as they grew in the young ladies' own gardens."

Her mamma reminded her of the saying of Solomon, "It is better to go to the house of mourning, than to the house of feasting;" in the hope, that she would reflect upon the early death of these young ladies, till her own heart should be made better; and that she might learn the meaning of that important precept of our Lord and Saviour, "Work while it is called day, for the night cometh when no man can work."

Our young travellers were too much fatigued when they reached home, to give their brothers an account of their happy visit, and soon retired to rest. Margaret thought she could not go to sleep for thinking about gold fringe and great beads, which would be of such advantage to their work; but Harriet wished her to think about the Misses Harrison, and learn from their death, to be thankful that God had spared their own lives, allowing them (as mamma said) to "work while it is day."

CHAPTER VI.

AFTER breakfast the next morning, as the young ladies were admiring their flowers, Harriet remembered how fond of flowers Mrs. Mortimer was, and said to her mamma, "I should so like to send her mine, if you will give me leave; how she will value them, when she knows where they grew; and besides, it will seem such a long time before next Thursday, that we shall be quite impatient to tell her about our visit, and shew her all the handsome presents we have received."

"It is Saturday," answered Mrs. Stanley, "and Ann has a great deal to do; but as you can assist in cooking, I can spare her to take the flowers, if you will write a note and invite your aunt to tea."

Harriet was not long in writing the following note:—

"My dear Aunt,

"I have so much to tell you, I do not know where to begin. You will see I have sent you a large bunch of flowers, which we brought from

Haddon-Hall, where we went yesterday with mamma. The flowers grew in beautiful little gardens, formerly belonging to the young ladies who are dead; and the good old gardener takes care of the gardens now, and keeps just the same sort of flowers in them: he is going to give us some roots and plants, which I will tell you more about another time.

"Mrs. Harrison was so very kind, and made us so happy. You cannot think how many useful things she has given us for your box. As it will be almost a week before Thursday, and Margaret and I sadly want you to look over these gifts, mamma hopes you will come to tea this afternoon.

"Dear aunt, I must tell you I felt quite dissatisfied at your saying we were not to spend our money to buy fringe and trimmings, because I thought we could not make our work look well; but now we have a large quantity, much better than we could purchase; and dear Mrs. Harrison has promised to give us more, when we have used these. You will be really surprised when you see our treasures.

"As it is Saturday, I must help mamma, and look out my own and Margaret's clothes, ready for tomorrow, and conclude this hasty letter, by subscribing myself,

"Your affectionate niece,

"H. STANLEY.

"Grove-House."

The letter and the flowers were despatched by Ann, and Margaret did all she could to help

her sister in the domestic duties assigned them by their mother. The Sabbath was observed by this family, as a day of sacred rest; the dinner was cooked on the Saturday, and every necessary preparation made for the quiet and comfort of every member of the family.

Herbert Stanley had become a teacher in a Sabbath School about two miles off, and generally took his dinner in his pocket, that he might be ready to meet his class in good time in the afternoon. Harriet was always anxious to please and oblige him: and it afforded her much satisfaction to be able to make a nice veal-pie for him to take the next day, as it was a favourite dish with him, and such as the family were to partake of at home.

It might truly be said of this family, "Behold, how good and pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!" as these brothers and sisters rejoiced at promoting each others happiness; and knew, by experience,

"The sweet delight of being kind."

Mrs. Mortimer came early in the afternoon, in compliance with the wish of the family,

her nieces gave her a full account of their to-be-remembered visit, and displayed before her all their rich treasure of silk and satin, lace and fringe, with other finery of years since gone by, which she assured them far exceeded her expectation, both in quality and quantity, notwithstanding Harriet had spoken only of them. Margaret thought her aunt might take the things home with her, lest she should be tempted to look at them on Sabbath-day; and also, because they would last longer in the economy-box than in their original.

Harriet informed her aunt of the half-crown which Harrison had given them, and wished to know what was to be done with it; her aunt advised her to keep it till the next working day, when she would suggest to them a plan for disposing of all the money they could lay hands on, which she had no doubt would meet their approbation, and add much to their happiness.

Such interesting conversation passed between Mrs. Mortimer and her sister upon

religious topics ; but as it more particularly referred to the distribution of religious tracts, and the good that had been effected by them, we must pass over it; for, though the Tract Society may be called the handmaid of Missions, we cannot now enter upon its advantages, as our young readers will be in haste to hear the result of the next meeting of the working party. Mrs. Mortimer left soon after tea, as it was her custom to exchange the tracts which she distributed, on Saturday afternoon or evening, whenever it was practicable. By this means, she was enabled to prevail upon some of her poor neighbours to manage matters so as to attend a place of worship on the Sunday morning, instead of spending it, as they had been used to do, in preparing dinner.

CHAPTER VII.

HARRIET and her sister had not seen their young friends, Caroline and Mary, since the last meeting at Mrs. Mortimer's, and their happiness was mutual at meeting there again; they had a great deal to communicate to each other; and Mrs. Harrison's handsome present had again to be exhibited. Caroline and Mary also brought many pieces of different sorts, which they had obtained from their mothers, besides several articles made by their sisters, who were not at present disposed to join the *working party*. Mary Heradine had also fulfilled her promise, of asking mamma, and aunt Louisa, and papa, each to give her sixpence; and had the promise of another sixpence from one of her brothers, when he knew what it was for.

Mrs. Mortimer advised, that Mrs. Harrison's gifts should not at present be cut, as they might by and by use them to more advantage; and as they had many common articles to make up,

her young friends would soon become more expert. She then gave each young lady something to do, when Harriet swept off the table some small pieces of blue cambric, and was going to throw them away, but her aunt told her she was going to use them.

"Use them, aunt!" cried Harriet, "why I should think it would require a fairy's wand to make them into any thing; as much as it did to convert a pumpkin into a coach for Cinderella. Do tell us what they are for? How can you use them?"

"When I was at Mrs. Mason's yesterday," said her aunt, "she was making coats for her little girls, lined with this blue cambric, and frocks trimmed with blue braid. I picked up these pieces, which she had thrown away, and said, if she pleased, I would take them and any remnants of braid she had to spare. She was, like you, amused at the idea of my using them; yet, now look at this piece of dimity which Miss Fletcher brought; it will make a bag, but will look very plain; this blue cambric I will cut into vandykes to border the bag, and

Caroline shall add two rows of blue braid, and slide it with this blue cord, and you will have a very tasteful bag without any expense." All agreed it was really very pretty, and wondered when they should be able to contrive such things without being told how. As they were now all supplied with work, Mrs. Mortimer set a small plain box upon the table, with a slit in the lid to receive money, upon which was written, "*The Orphan's Friend*." She then took a letter from her pocket, saying, "I am now about to perform my promise of reading to you. I have in my hand a letter from the wife of a Baptist Missionary in the East Indies. As the letter is long, I shall only read such extracts as bear upon the subject to which I beg to direct your attention, and for which I hope you will cheerfully give your money." She proceeded to read as follows:—

"You asked me to give you something of the history of our female pupils. I hardly know how to set about it, but perhaps cannot do better than to begin with the few who were first collected together, and proceed with a brief

notice of those who have since joined them, at least of such as are at present in the school. Of the six who were admitted into it at or not far from the time of its establishment, three are the daughters of native christians; and the father of one is a preacher, another a weaver, and another a farmer. Another of the number is the adopted daughter of a native convert; he also is a farmer. A fifth girl was given us by our late good old friend Serjeant Ball. He was superintendent of the roads; and on one occasion when engaged in his official duties, he picked up this then half-starved little object on the banks of the Byturnee, about forty miles from Cuttack. There, according to her own account (which the neighbours concurred in saying was true), she had been left fifteen days by her unnatural mother. During this time, she subsisted on a little rice and pumpkin seed given her by the villagers, which she contrived to cook by means of the sticks and straws she was able to gather.

“The next addition I have to notice, is that of two pretty little girls—sisters; one

perhaps was five years old and the other two, who were brought here in July, 1837, by their father. He told a pitiful tale; said their mother was dead, and he had no one to take care of them, and no food to give them, and begged we would buy them. Of course we have no rule which allows of our buying children, but we took them in and gave something to the father by way of charity. The youngest child has since died, but the oldest is still living and doing well. In a few days after the reception of these motherless children, two girls as well as two boys, were brought here by a woman from Boyapoor. She was a relative of Rhadoo, one of our native christians. These two girls have since learned to read understandingly, and become the hopeful subjects of divine grace.

“In the same month, Serjeant Ball brought us two little girls whom he found in a most forlorn condition, one especially so. Some men who were at work under his care, first spied an object on the banks of Kajuree, almost buried in the sand; the dogs which accompanied the men went up to it and smelt it, and went away

without offering to bite it, and when the men got up to the spot, they found it to be a little girl almost starved to death. She died soon after, of a disease she seemed to have brought with her. At another time, a man came to the door with his daughter, a girl perhaps eight years old, both looking wretchedly poor. He begged us to buy her, for he had nothing either for himself or for her to eat. We took the girl in, and gave the poor man something to help himself with. He has been since to see her, and seemed pleased to have her remain, seeing she was so comfortable. Not far from this time, another poor girl also was thrown in our way, by means of the awful scarcity of food. She still remains with us in the school, and while improving satisfactorily in other things, has lately appeared to be growing in a knowledge of her own heart, and of the way of salvation through Jesus Christ."

"Now, my dear children," continued Mrs. Mortimer, "it is to aid such objects as these, I wish you to save your money; and I have prepared this box to receive those contributions,

which I think you will readily give; and if, by the little exertion we are able to make, we can rescue *one* poor orphan from want and wretchedness in this world, and from everlasting misery in the next, we shall be amply rewarded; and shall account ourselves honoured of God, in being made instrumental in the promotion of His glory. At most of our Missionary stations, schools are established for the reception of as many of these poor little out-casts, as the liberality of christian friends in England allows them to take in and provide for. In these schools, they are carefully instructed in the principles of the Christian religion, and their young minds directed to Jesus, the children's friend. Many of them have died in the faith, and others are proclaiming the Gospel to their ignorant neighbours.

“For rather less than three pounds a-year, you can have a child boarded and educated in one of these schools. You may choose either a girl or a boy, and have it called by what name you like; and thus, not only help the schools by sending presents for their encouragement

but perhaps be the means of raising up a Missionary from among themselves. When your funds will admit of your selecting an object, of course you will feel more interest in that child than in any other; let it, therefore, be always a part of your prayer, that God would convert that child, and render its conversion a blessing to other heathens."

So intense was the interest the children felt in these statements, that they all laid down their work, and for a time remained silent. Mrs. Mortimer remarked, that these were not solitary instances of the misery to which poor heathen children are exposed, as in every part of the East Indies, similar occurrences are continually taking place. She then gave the following illustrations:—"A gentleman at an indigo factory, was attracted by the crying of a child, and upon searching, found a poor little creature at the bottom of one of the vats, thrown there by its unnatural mother, where it must soon have perished (being almost covered with water) but for his humanity; at first he was at a loss to know what to do with his helpless charge,

but recollecting there was a Missionary station about two miles distant, he proceeded thither upon his elephant, and made known his errand to the humane wife of the Missionary, who immediately took in the poor little out-cast, who was named Moses, by his deliverer, on account of being drawn out of the water.

"One of the Missionaries who came to England shortly after, used to mention this circumstance to all the children he met with in families and schools, and ask them to give him something for the support of poor little Moses, and also to try and pray for him.

"One beautiful fine afternoon, a lady was sitting on the grass with several little girls, all very merry and happy, when one, about four years old, looked up to the clear blue sky and exclaimed, 'I am sure God can see us now through that bright sky, and will hear our prayer for little Moses, do let us *try!*'—the little group were instantly upon their knees, and with clasped hands and uplifted eyes, offered up their artless prayer for God to bless little Moses.

“When Mr. Campbell, the celebrated African traveller, and friend of Missions in Southern Africa, was among the Hottentots, he met with a poor boy, who must have been starved but for his bounty; there were no schools at that time where he could place him, and no one to notice him, so he took the poor lad with him the remainder of his journey, and eventually brought him to England, and gave him a good education.”

Harriet wanted to know why Mr. Campbell could not have left him with the Missionaries; and Margaret inquired if her aunt had ever seen him, as she should so like to know what a Hottentot boy looked like.

Their aunt replied, “The African Mission had then made but little progress; and as the different tribes lived such a wandering life, the Missionaries often had to follow them from place to place, to endeavour to do them good. At that time, the natives had no idea of cultivating the ground, and consequently suffered much from want or famine. Water was also very scarce, which occasioned many of them to

remove from one green spot or spring of water to another, in order to keep alive their cattle; they likewise suffered much from their frequent wars or commandoes, which exposed the Missionaries to imminent danger. When the gospel of peace began to take possession of their hearts, these bloody wars became less frequent; they soon learnt many of the useful arts of civilized life; cultivated a considerable portion of land; built houses to live in; and so great a change has taken place, that education is carried on to an extent scarcely anticipated: they have their infant schools, Sabbath and daily schools, adult schools, and I believe even their colleges.

“I am sure you will be all anxious to know much more than I can tell you about this interesting, long neglected, and abused portion of the globe. I will therefore borrow for you, of my friend Mr. Macdonald, Mr. Campbell’s Travels, which will delight you. Young people are generally fond of story-books. I can assure you, I never read, in my young time, a book half so entertaining, and what we used to call pretty and wonderful, as the account you will

there meet with, of Hottentots, Caffres, Griquas, Bushmen, and other savages; and of the dangers they encounter from wild beasts and serpents; of the great rivers they cross without bridges or boats; of the waggons, drawn by oxen, in which they ride, and in which many of our Missionaries frequently sleep. Margaret can there see some coloured prints of Hottentots, which will convey a better idea of what they look like, than my description of Mr. Campbell's little boy, though I have seen him several times.

“As Caroline and Mary have never read any thing of the kind, it will be an excellent book for them to begin with; and that you may all be able to judge of the great good done to these poor benighted tribes, by teaching them to read the Bible, and fear and love God, we will endeavour to learn from Mr. Moffatt's statements, what situation they are now in. Mr. Moffatt has been a Missionary at Lattakoo (the most distant city Mr. Campbell visited) a great many years, and is now in England, in order to get the entire Scriptures printed in their language, to take back with him. His accounts

are most encouraging, many of his anecdotes very amusing, and others deeply impressive and highly instructive."

Mary Heradine inquired when it was probable they might have the book; and hoped they might have it by the next meeting, as she was so fond of entertaining books.

Mrs. Mortimer said, it was her intention to call upon Mr. Macdonald in the morning, and if the book was at home, she would bring it with her and leave it at Mr. Heradine's; for Mary, who having most leisure time, should have it first. "I hope, my dear children," added she, "you are now so much alive to the importance of the object you have undertaken to assist, as to embrace every opportunity of acquiring information; and that you will not only read for entertainment, but for improvement, as suitable works are now in circulation for all ages and situations in life. I hope you will reflect upon the advantages you enjoy as English children, and thank God that each of you

'Was born of christian race,
And not a heathen or a jew.'

You, as English children of the nineteenth century, have also great cause for thankfulness, compared with those of the century preceding. Children then were not expected, much less encouraged, to come forward and take a part in the mighty plans that are now in operation to promote the glory of God.

“The books principally written at that time for the amusement of children, often served to make the readers ridiculous, as they consisted chiefly of fairy tales, and stories about ghosts and haunted castles.

“In my girl-hood I was a great reader, and wanted to read all that came in my way; my good mother used her influence to prevent this, and only allowed me such books as she considered innocent; these I had read so often, I knew them by heart, and longed for something new. My wish was soon gratified; as I paid a visit to some cousins, where we did pretty much as we liked, and having a tolerable share of spending-money, we were often seen at the village shop; and while my cousins were purchasing cakes or sweet-meats, I was looking

over old dame Sully's library, and added to my own—a fairy tale, Jack the giant killer, and several other equally absurd things, at which you would laugh; but remember, we had no Bible or Missionary Society to which our money might be given; no Children's or Youth's Magazine on which to spend it; and very few good books to read. When I returned home, I did not feel quite satisfied with my bargains, and shewed them to my mother, who kindly talked to me, and advised me to throw them on the fire. I reasoned with myself sometime, and thought dame Sully had no better books, and these were such as she sold to other children; why then should I burn them, when I had so few? However, when I came to think of them, and to compare them with Janeway's *Token for Children*, *The Pilgrim's Progress*, and Dr. Watts's *Moral Songs*—books I valued above all others—I found that my mother's wish was reasonable, and I watched the conflagration with satisfaction. I merely mention this, to urge you to value your privileges; and I again entreat you to read such books as are designed

to make you wise unto salvation; above all, never neglect the Bible."

Caroline Fletcher hoped Mrs. Mortimer would not be displeased at her having done so little work; but really, she was so astonished at the accounts she had listened to, of the cruelty inflicted upon poor heathen children, she could not work; but would take several things home to make, as she had plenty of time, and ask her sister Maria to help her. She said she had often heard of poor black children being cruelly treated, but when Mr. Harcourt, from the West Indies, was at their house, he said it was all a tale, and they were better off than many poor children in England: and as he came from the place where they live, she thought he must know.

Mrs. Mortimer set her right in this matter; telling her that when she read more, she would know better; and Caroline determined in her own mind, to talk to her sisters about the books her friend recommended, as they had read all those in Mr. Dickenson's circulating library.

Mrs. Mortimer assured her young friends,

they were quite welcome to the use of her library; which, though small, was select, and contained many books likely to interest young ladies, and improve their minds. "But my dear children," said she, "we have read and talked so much, that our time is nearly gone; and now, what shall we do towards the support of a poor orphan?"

Harriet came forward with Mrs. Harrison's half-crown, and felt certain it could not be appropriated to a better purpose; at the same time, promising that she would also herself put a halfpenny a-week into the box.

Poor little Margaret wished somebody would give her half-a-crown to put in, as her own halfpenny was so very little, and it would be such a long while before they got enough to support an orphan.

Mary Heradine dropped in three sixpences, with a smiling face, and was sure her brother would think it worth giving his sixpence next week; besides, she intended to beg several more.

Caroline Fletcher was disconcerted at not

having any donation to give; but cheerfully contributed her halfpence for the two weeks, and promised to *try* what she could do another time.

Their kind friend told them she was happy to find them so satisfied with the plan she had proposed for their adoption; that having so many claims upon her, she could not herself afford to give more than a penny a week to the box; but that she knew several ladies, who would purchase some articles they might be able to make, and of course the money being put into the orphan's box, would increase the fund.

Harriet requested their aunt to favour them with the copy of a hymn, written by a lady upon hearing of the first Missionary settling at Lattakoo, and to assist them in singing it.

TRUE GLORY.

While angelic hosts adoring,
Cast their crowns at Jesu's feet;
We, on wings of prayer upsoaring,
Worship at the mercy-seat.

From thy radiant throne beholding
 All the denizens of earth;
 Jesus! in thine arms enfolding,
 Lead us to the second birth.

Spread, oh Dove of Peace, thy pinions
 O'er the islands of the sea;
 Win from dreary death's dominions,
 Many nations back to Thee.
 Brood where erst embattled legions
 Bore the desolating sword;
 Bid the wrecks of ruined regions
 Flourish at thy living word.

'Tis not where the banner gory
 Floats o'er charnel field of war,
 That the beams of spotless glory
 Light the blood-stained victor's car.
 Glory round the brow is beaming,
 Where the spirit burns within;
 And the eye with tears is streaming,
 Tears of penitence for sin.

Where the words of consolation,
 Whispered by the lip sincere,
 Turn to joy the desolation,
 Waken hope and dry the tear.
 Heavenly glory far excelling
 That which laurel'd heroes win,
 Shines on those who joy in telling
 Jesu's power to vanquish sin.

Most of all, on those who taking
 Humble stand beneath the Cross,
 Friends, and home, and all forsaking,
 Counting former gain as loss.
 Haste afar, where shades of sadness
 'Whelm the tribes in heathen night;
 Bearing news of peace and gladness,
 Spread abroad the Gospel's light.

The happy party now broke up mutually pleased; the children, at finding such a kind friend and instructor, who was teaching them to do good and get good, and thus adding to their real happiness; and Mrs. Mortimer, at seeing the happy effect of endeavouring to open to their view, sources of enjoyment more pure and permanent than mere worldly pleasure can afford.

This christian lady gave thanks to God, on behalf of her young friends, who appeared so willing to devote their talent to works of usefulness and benevolence, whilst she earnestly besought her heavenly Father to renew their hearts by his Holy Spirit, and thus draw them to himself.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE next morning, Mrs. Mortimer, punctual to her engagement, procured "Mr. Campbell's Travels," and was proceeding with them to Mr. Heradine's, when the thought occurred to her, that her little niece and namesake, and perhaps we may say, her favourite, Margaret, would like just to have a peep at the pictures first; she therefore went round to call upon her sister, that she might gratify her niece.

Mrs. Stanley was seated with her children at their morning lessons, who were searching their Geography, to find all they could about Africa. Margaret was sadly disappointed at hearing the Hottentots described as extremely filthy and indolent. Her mamma said this used to be their character, but a great improvement had taken place since the introduction of christianity; and as she grew older she would generally observe, that cleanliness and industry follow in the train of religion. Still the child

could scarcely reconcile her mind to Mr. Campbell's bringing home a boy that was lazy and filthy; but her aunt coming in with the book, and explaining several things to her, soon cleared away the difficulties. The sight of the pictures afforded much pleasure to all the children. Grateful as they were to their aunt for bringing them the book to look at, they could not help wishing she had allowed them to have it first; but when she reminded them how much more they knew about the Missionary Society than their young friends, and that their mother would always be giving them fresh information, they readily acquiesced.

As Harriet wished to know more about the first Missionaries to the Hottentots, her mamma gave her an account of Mr. Kichener's visit to them, and of the difficulty he found in convincing the poor things, that what he told them about the people in his own country was true. Their ignorance was so extreme, he could not convey ideas to them of any thing beyond what they saw and felt. At length some few began to listen with more attention, and after consi-

derable care and instruction, the blessing of God followed his labours, and three persons were baptised, John, Martha, and Mary; these three, Mr. Kichener brought over to England, for the two-fold purpose of shewing the people of England what the grace of God could accomplish, and of instructing these converted Hottentots, that they might be able to declare to their own tribes, the wonderful things they had seen and heard.

After Mrs. Mortimer took leave of her sister, she walked back to Mr. Heradine's; but as the ladies were out, she left the books, and was returning home, when she met Mrs. Mason, who had been to carry some pieces of silk, jean, and furniture-print for the *economy-box*, and now began to laugh at her about the scraps of blue cambric.

Mrs. Mortimer told her she had made use of them, and wished her to go back and look at the things already made, to convince her that nothing came amiss to their little society. Mrs. Mason gladly accepted the invitation, feeling some degree of curiosity to see what she fancied

must be a set of useless trifles. An inspection of the neat bags, pincushions, and other articles (though at present but few in number), induced her to alter her mind; and she wondered, as much as the children had done on a former occasion, how it was they came to think of using such things. The bag decorated with blue cambric did not escape her notice; two pincushions, in the shape of ladies' hats, prettily trimmed and stuck round the edge and crown with pins, pleased her very much; she remarked, that if she had seen them in a shop, she should have been tempted to buy them for her little girls, as they were too young to make any for themselves.

Mrs. Mortimer told her they had two objects in view, one to make things as presents for the Missionary schools; and another, to raise money to support a poor orphan in one of these schools; she should, therefore, be happy to make a customer of her, as every little article sold would help their Orphan Fund; she then shewed her the box, and Mrs. Mason willingly put in a shilling for the two smart hats for her little

daughters: observing at the same time, that she should like to bring them to see so many pretty things. Mrs. Mortimer assured her she should at all times be glad to shew their work to visitors, as their cheap way of doing good would commend itself to every one's judgment, and the society might gain advantage.

Mrs. Mason replied, if that were the case, and Mrs. Mortimer did not consider it troublesome, she knew several ladies who would be much gratified at seeing the work, and who would either become purchasers, or give something to the "Orphan Fund;" and as she often had company from a distance staying with her, she would make a point of bringing them to see the only fancy shop their village could boast of, and by this means, aid the juvenile society in their laudable efforts to do good.

CHAPTER IX.

ON the following Monday, Mrs. Stanley informed her little girls, she was going to take them to pay a very different visit to that which they had paid to Haddon-Hall. She had heard that nurse Robinson was ill, and being a widow, with only her grand-daughter to wait upon her, she felt it her duty to go and see how she was provided for. Nurse had always been very kind to them in sickness, especially when their little brother died with measles. "Nurse Robinson is a pious, humble woman," said Mrs. Stanley, "and has brought up her grand-children so well, that Betsy, a neat and well-behaved little girl, who lives with her, might be held up as an example to many, whose advantages have been much greater.

"The walk to nurse's cottage, at Poplar-Green, is very pleasant, and not more than two miles; we must have a basket, and take some tea, and sugar, and buns; Betsy will get us

some nice cream; and as nurse is poorly, we must wait upon her, and prepare our own tea, so as not to occasion any trouble."

"How kind you are, dearest mamma," exclaimed both the children at once; "and shall we drink tea in the garden? You said one day we should."

"Yes, my dears," said mamma, "I hope you will be able to drink tea in the garden; and to take a walk into the village with Betsy, and perhaps to visit farmer Bennet's, and have some curds and whey. But now let us have the basket, and put up the tea and sugar; we can call, on our way, at the widow Wilson's, for the buns, and get a nice tea-cake for nurse."

All was soon in readiness, and they set off in as good spirits, and as much delighted, as if going to Haddon-Hall.

What a false estimate young people form of happiness, when they think it is to be found in large parties, fairs, theatres, children's balls, or other gay scenes of amusement. Nothing of the kind was tolerated by Mrs. Stanley; yet in the total absence of all these things, her chil-

dren were cheerful and happy; their pleasures were simple and rational; envy and discontent seldom disturbed their harmony; and if for a moment a murmuring thought arose, they were taught to look at the thousands around them, destitute of the comforts of life, struggling with poverty or sickness, and to adore the providence of God, who gave them so much of this world's good. With what heartfelt pleasure each of them would sing:—

“Not more than others I deserve,
Yet God has given me more.”

When our party arrived at nurse Robinson's they found her much better, and highly gratified the old lady was, by the arrival of her visitors. She was a humble christian; and for her dear mistress and the young ladies to come and drink tea with her, as if she was their equal, gave her the sincerest pleasure, and was esteemed the greatest honour they could bestow.

Mrs. Stanley kindly inquired into her circumstances, and found that God had been very gracious to her, so that she wanted for nothing. The neighbours had sent her every thing to

make her comfortable during her illness, and Betsy had nursed her with as much care and attention as a *woman* could have done. She suffered but little from pain, and hoped soon to get well and go out again, though she was quite willing to wait God's time, and to submit to God's will.

Harriet and her sister sat listening to what was said, when Betsy made her appearance, and shewed her respect by a low country *curtsey*. Her grandmother told her to take the young ladies into the garden, and find them some ripe gooseberries. The garden was very neat, and the gooseberries of excellent flavour. Some of the flowers were of quite a superior order, and one bed in particular was almost filled with beautiful geraniums, and round the edge were placed pots of mignonette to form a border. Harriet was astonished at seeing this in a common cottage garden, and expressed her admiration.

Betsy told her she should like to give her some of the most beautiful flowers, only she wanted to sell them.

Harriet commended her industry and care, and said she was glad to find her so desirous of contributing to her grandmother's comfort, as she might get a good deal of money for such plants.

Betsy replied, "No, Miss, these are not for grandmother; this little garden is all my own, and I used to have daisies, and spring flowers, and sweet-williams in it, and often gave some away; but once, when grandmother had been to nurse the clergyman's wife, at Longley, she heard such a deal about the poor black negroes over the sea,—and how cruelly they had been treated,—and how they wanted to learn to read the Bible,—and how some good people were gone to teach them, that I wished I was a great lady and had plenty of money, then I would send them some Bibles. I told uncle Roger so; and he said, 'Well, I must think if I had *nothing* of my own to give; and if I went to my aunt she would read something to me out of a book called *Cottage Comforts*, that perhaps might be of use to me.' She read to me about raising flowers to sell; but when I looked

at my garden, and thought nobody to be sure will buy these common flowers, I did not know what to do. One day I went on an errand up to the 'Squire's, at the great house, and just as I went past the green-house the gardener threw out a whole lot of cuttings, and when I came back, there they all laid; so I thought if he was going to throw them away, may be he might give me some. I was all of a tremble, but I went and asked him to be so good as give me some, if they were of no use to him. 'Oh, yes, my little maid,' says he, 'but what are you going to do with them?' I said, 'I shall set them, and hope they will grow, as I want to sell them to buy a Bible, to send to some poor black child who has none.' He gave me ever so many, and asked me where I lived; and when I said, at nurse Robinson's; 'Oh,' says he, 'I thought you lived with some good body, who put such thoughts into your head. Come, take all these, and put them in water as soon as you get home, and I will come round at night, when I have done work, and tell you how to manage them.' So I pulled up all my daisies

and spring flowers, and put them in any corner where I could find room, and dug the ground ready for the good gardener. I was so glad, I could hardly do any thing all day, and thought every minute an hour till the man came. Sometimes he comes to look at my plants, and see if I take care of them; one day, he gave me this mignonette seed, and now all these pots are ready to sell, and uncle Roger will take them to market. Oh! I shall be ready to jump for joy when I have the money. I must pay the gardener for the flower pots, and all the rest will be my own, and we are going to send it to the clergyman at Longley, for the poor black negroes."

Margaret was surprised at seeing such handsome flowers in the ground, as she thought they would only grow in pots. Betsy told her the gardener said they would grow much finer and stronger in the ground; and now they had got good root, she should take them up and put them into pots ready for market, according to the advice of her good friend the gardener.

Harriet looked at her sister and said, "We

must tell aunt Mortimer this, as this is another sort of economy."

Tea proved both agreeable and refreshing to the visitors at the cottage, and as Harriet "did the honours of the table," and Margaret was waiter, nurse thought it did her more good than all the "*doctor's stuff*" in the world; and having her dear young ladies to wait upon her, made her quite cheerful.

The visit to Mrs. Bennet, was an event of no ordinary importance. As neither of the young ladies had been to a farm, or seen a dairy, they were very anxious to know how cheese and butter were made. Mrs. Bennet explained the whole process to them, and shewed them every thing she could to interest their attention; but as most of our young readers have either seen a farm and dairy, or read descriptions of them, and as we cannot give them a taste of the large basin of curds and whey that Mrs. Bennet prepared for her company, we shall pass on, and resume our Missionary information.

On the way from Poplar-Green, Margaret

soon began of talking about Betsy Brown's garden; and asked her mamma if she had ever heard of such a thing before, and if she would please to tell them something about what other children had done.

Mrs. Stanley replied, "I am happy to find you are so well pleased with Betsy's way of raising money for religious charity; I told you she was worthy of being held up as an example to many in better circumstances; and I can inform you of several poor children who have made great efforts to aid the Missionary or Bible Societies.

"One little boy had a gooseberry tree which he set apart for this purpose, and gave to the Missionary Society the money that he received for the fruit.

"I was once walking in the garden of a friend, and was about to pluck an apple, but was requested not to take one from that tree, as it was a Missionary tree; I might take what I choose from any other tree, but the fruit off that tree was always to sell for one of the Missionary Societies.

"I have heard of children who kept poultry, selecting one hen, and setting apart her eggs for the same purpose. I have heard of a hive of bees, kept to collect Missionary honey. I have been told of a little boy making Missionary matches to sell; but I fear our lucifers and congreves would spoil the sale of such matches now.

"In a town where soft water is very scarce, a family has raised, at different times, considerable sums by selling rain water, and sent them to the London Missionary Society, under the designation of 'Blessings from Heaven.' But I will tell you something about a very poor little girl in a Sabbath School, that will much please you. This child had been for several years in the school, and when her father was living, used to give a half-penny a week to the Missionary box at school; but he had been dead a long time, and she was denied this pleasure, as her widowed mother was very poor. She was a diligent scholar, and always punctual to time, and obtained a great many reward tickets; these the superintendent used to allow

so much a dozen for, and the children received the amount in books. This child was saving hers to purchase a Bible. During the time, a public Missionary Meeting was held in the town where she resided, and the claims of the heathen world were so ably advocated, that she went home unhappy because she had nothing to give: she talked to her mother about it, and asked if it would be right to sell her reward tickets. Her mother was at a loss to know what answer to give, and advised her to go to the minister in the morning, and hear what he said. The girl accordingly went, and took her bag of tickets, and with great modesty told her errand. The minister very kindly talked to her about it, and asked what she would do without her Bible. She said, 'Certainly she should like to have a new Bible of her own, with a handsome purple cover, like some of her school-fellows; but her mother's old Bible had all the same reading in it, though it did not look so pretty, and she could read in that till she could save some more money, if he would be so good as give her a shilling for her tickets.'

"The minister went with her to the superintendent and stated the case to him, but the rule of the school did not allow of money being given for the tickets; however, they willingly gave the child the money, and let her keep her tickets. The mother was questioned upon the subject, who declared it was her daughter's voluntary act; and she believed, much as the child wished for her new Bible, she would have been very unhappy at not giving any thing to the Missionary Society."

In this manner did Mrs. Stanley act out the directions given by Moses to the Jews: as she not only taught her children in the house, but talked with them by the way, and thus gave them "line upon line, and precept upon precept;" not omitting to point out to them, in the plainest and most familiar language, the necessity of giving their own hearts to God, as that would lead them to work for others from pure motives, and enable them to feel the importance of the petitions so often repeated, "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done."

After Mary Heradine and her sisters re-

turned from their morning's walk, they immediately began to examine the books Mrs. Mortimer had left; their attention was soon arrested, and Emma in particular, declared she would, in future, read such books only as were designed to inform the mind and improve the judgment. She disengaged herself from a party that same evening, and sat down with Mary to work for the Missionary Society, and to hear some Missionary accounts. They read and worked alternately, and Emma found the evening far more pleasant than many she had formerly spent in vain amusement. She expressed a wish to attend the next *working-meeting*; and observed, that if she thought Mrs. Mortimer would be her friend, and instruct her in those things of which, at present, she was entirely ignorant, she should like to join their society.

Mary encouraged her, and said how very kind Mrs. Mortimer was to them all, and wished them to bring any of their friends as visitors; and if Emma went to the next meeting, she would, no doubt, be invited to become a member of their society.

These young ladies had been brought up like many others. They were very agreeable; could dress and visit—dance and sing; were clever at fancy work; read all the fashionable light works of the day, and having exhausted Mr. Dickenson's library, like their friends the Fletchers, spent most of their time in seeking amusement; and as they contributed to several charitable institutions, and never passed the plate at a collection, considered they were not deficient in duty.

CHAPTER X.

THE next Thursday was a day of unusual interest to our industrious party, owing to the accession of Emma Heradine to their number, who was several years in advance of our juvenile friends, and had the reputation of being very clever.

Added to this, each member came prepared to augment the general stock; and it was hinted that Mrs. Mortimer would find it necessary to clear another drawer.

Margaret's treasures were first displayed, as she had been rather disconcerted at the last meeting, at having only her own halfpenny to give. Now, her eyes sparkled with joy, and the dimples in her fat cheeks looked deeper, as she opened a large bag and took out one thing after another, that Ann had sent.

As the days were long, she had risen early every morning and made some extremely neat,

though common articles. In addition to this, Mrs. Stanley and her daughters, with the assistance of Ann, had devoted one entire day to making up some of her own pieces; as she observed, it would not be fair to let her sister have all the work to do.

Harriet shewed a bundle of pieces, given her by different friends; and unwrapped a large handsome work-box, well stored with cotton, needles, pins, silk, tape, and other materials, and read the following note:—

“My dear young Friend,

“I have thought a great deal about your little ‘Working Society’ since you were here; and as you informed me you were not to spend your money in the purchase of articles to make up, I suppose such things as cotton and needles will be acceptable, as you cannot do without them.

“This box, my dear Lucy furnished not long before her death. Oh! she was a lovely plant, but soon cut down; she cannot personally aid your society, but this box I present as a memorial of her, and a memento to every youthful member of your society. Let it always occupy a place on the work-table at your meetings; and may God bless all your attempts to do good.

"In one of the drawers you will find five shillings, deposited there by her own dear hands, apply that to the object your aunt has in view.

"Your sincere friend,

"TABITHA HARRISON.

"Haddon-Hall."

Emma and Mary Heradine then produced an assortment of articles of a superior order, tastefully executed; having assiduously employed themselves during the week in finishing those they had begun, at different times, and carelessly laid aside. Julia and Catharine likewise gave them many things they were "really tired of seeing," and were induced to assist in making others, chiefly on account of the novelty of the thing, and that they might read together Mr. Campbell's Travels.

Nor did Caroline Fletcher come behind our other young friends in zeal to serve the cause; she had persuaded her mother and sisters to look out numerous little nick-nacks, useless to them, but valuable to our rising society, in addition to those which she had made with the

help of her sister Maria; so that Mrs. Mortimer's parlour bade fair to vie with some of our modern bazaars.

The next thing that required attention, was the "Orphan's Box;" and besides the usual half-penny and penny subscription, Miss Harrison's five shillings, and Mary's four sixpences that she promised to beg, were added; Emma gave a shilling as a donation, and began her penny contribution, and Caroline Fletcher gave half-a-crown which she had obtained.

Harriet began to count up how much they had towards the three pounds, and found fifteen shillings and sixpence had been deposited in the box, besides their pence. This was a cause of great rejoicing, as they hoped soon to raise money enough to select an orphan; and having made up their minds to choose a girl, began to consult about a name for her, when Mrs. Mortimer called their attention to the object of the meeting, and every young lady was instantly in her place and ready to work. After commencing their employment, Emma Heradine began talking about the books they had been

reading, and expressed her thanks to Mrs. Mortimer for the trouble she had taken; remarking, she had never read any thing of the kind before, and could scarcely believe there were people in existence so ignorant as many of the African tribes were, when first visited by the Missionaries; and had she heard it from some people, she should have thought it a tale.

"This reminds me," replied Mrs. Mortimer, "of rather a curious anecdote of an ignorant servant girl in Norfolk, who had lived for a short time in London, but happened to be at Norwich when Mr. Campbell was there, for the purpose of giving an account of his travels after his return from Africa. This girl was invited by an acquaintance, to attend the meeting at which Mr. Campbell was going to speak.

"The next day, a lady called at the house where she was staying, to see a poor woman that was ill, and began to ask the woman's daughter what she thought of the meeting. The poor girl looked rather confused, and hesitated to give an answer; when our London *lass* came forward full of conceit and affectation,

and said she never heard a man tell such lies in her life; she wondered he was not ashamed of himself; she had no patience to sit and hear him tell such falsehoods; and thought a lady like Mrs. R. ought to know better than believe him. For her part, she had been in London, and dare say she had seen as many foreigners as he, if not more, as her master had a great many came to his house; and she had seen Frenchmen, and Dutchmen, and Americans, and blacks, but never saw any like those that man talked about.

"This poor silly girl had been talking in a similar strain to the people of the house, and as they had never been in London or seen any foreigners except negroes, they were half persuaded she was right. Mrs. R. explained things to them, and assured them Mr. Campbell's account could be proved true, by the statement of other travellers.

"Moreover, their own bishop, who was a man of great learning, had been listening to Mr. Campbell that morning with considerable interest, and gave him ten pounds to aid the Mission."

Mary Heradine observed, that she used to like reading "Sinbad the Sailor," but she liked Mr. Campbell's "Adventures and Discoveries" much better.

Mrs. Mortimer smiled at the comparison, and remarked, that our African traveller might, with truth, be said to have been in the "valley of diamonds;" for though he brought home none to increase his earthly riches, yet doubtless, he would have many to sparkle in his crown of glory: for the Scripture has said, "They that be wise, shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever."

This honoured servant of the Lord prepared the way of the gospel: so that not only from the east, the west, and the north, but also from the south, many shall come and sit down in the kingdom of God.

How rich will be the reward of every faithful Missionary, after all his labour and toil, to enter into rest, and meet with many from among the heathen, who will be his crown of rejoicing. His happiness will be still increasing and in-

creasing, as, one after another, his converts are brought to glory. You, my dear young readers, ought to think yourselves honoured, by doing anything to assist in this good work; for though you cannot go abroad as Missionaries, you can work at home,—and Christ has promised, that even a cup of cold water shall not go unrewarded; but you must be careful to give it from right motives.

Mrs. Mortimer proceeded to give her attentive auditors much information on the rise and progress of the different Missionary institutions, shewing the numerous blessings that followed in their train,—not only to the heathen, by teaching them civilization, domestic duties, and the useful arts of life, in conjunction with religion,—but to our own country, by increasing our commerce, aiding our scientific discoveries, enlarging our geographical knowledge, and extending our sphere of usefulness, by bringing into notice remote regions, never before visited by European travellers; and above all, by being the means of converting to God numbers of our fellow-countrymen, who left their native shores

ignorant of true religion, and returned to bless God for the preaching of the gospel in far-distant lands.

Thus we read in the New Testament, of Onesimus leaving his master's house a dishonest servant, and after listening to the preaching of the apostle Paul, at Rome, he returned to Philemon, not only a faithful servant but a brother beloved.

Caroline was glad to find that she and her sisters were to have the first volume of Mr. Campbell's Travels to read next day, and hoped Mrs. Mortimer could tell them of many more interesting books.

Mrs. Mortimer reminded her of the superior advantages children enjoy in this age of reading; and observed, that she must look beyond such as might be termed interesting books merely, and read such as would bear reflection in after life—such as would be likely to engage her in the pursuit of useful knowledge and benevolent actions. She then mentioned several works published by different Missionaries, which, though not written for children, might be read

with great pleasure as well as advantage, particularly Mr. Ellis's "Polynesian Researches;" in which they would find some pleasing accounts of children in different Missionary stations, of their eagerness to learn to read, and of the joy manifested by them at receiving a book.

Mr. Williams's "Missionary Enterprises," was also mentioned as another book full of information; containing accounts not only of what the natives of many of the islands now are, but also of the cruelty practised towards their children and towards each other, before the introduction of Christianity.

Mrs. Mortimer then related the melancholy particulars of Mr. Williams's untimely death, which produced a deep impression; especially upon Caroline Fletcher and the Misses Heradine, who had not heard it before.

Emma begged she might be allowed the privilege of coming to work with Mrs. Mortimer the next morning, as she wished to ask many questions about things she did not at present understand, and desired further information upon a subject of which she was so ignorant.

Mrs. Mortimer expressed great pleasure at the proposal, and was persuaded, from her own experience, that the more her young friend became acquainted with the effect of Missionary operations among the heathen, the more anxious she would be to promote their success.

Harriet told her aunt she had been writing to her brother Joseph, to tell him about their society, and hoped soon to have a letter from him.

She also gave an account of the visit to nurse Robinson's, not failing to tell every particular respecting Betsy Brown's garden, and the beautiful geraniums she had reared, in order to get money to buy Bibles for poor negro children; which excited surprise in the minds of some of our young party, who thought it was only people who had plenty of money that supported the Bible and Missionary Societies, and were surprised that poor people should think of contributing.

Mrs. Mortimer observed, that though the rich give of their abundance, it may truly be said, that the poor and middle class raise the

permanent fund of the Society. "The poor," said she, "feel honoured by giving their pence, and the working part of the community often devise liberal things to support religion. The children of our Sabbath Schools cheerfully lend their aid, and sometimes set an example that might put their richer neighbours to the blush.

"I remember, many years ago, good old Mr. Burder (one of the fathers and founders of the Missionary Society) preached a sermon upon the duty of every one to engage in the work of converting the heathen, and urged upon his hearers to do according to their several abilities. He shewed how every one could do something, by the anecdote which I shall now repeat.

"'I hold in my hand,' said he, 'three shillings, given me by a poor child who was very anxious to give something, but had no money; she thought and thought for a long time, how it would be possible to obtain some, and at last hit upon this expedient. She begged some pictures and flowers, arranged them prettily in a box, and got somebody to put in a piece of glass, and thus made what children call a peep-

show; this she carried round to all her acquaintance, and for a peep into it, received farthings and half-pence to the amount of three shillings.'

"A lady present was so struck with the anecdote, that she began to think, what more can I do? She went home and immediately planned the model of an old castle, with several appropriate texts of scripture written upon it, as a Missionary box for her own children. This castle was the means of procuring various sums of money, and had also the advantage of setting the example to other mothers, who tried it with equal success. Missionary boxes were not much in vogue at that time.

"The apostle Paul exhorts us to provoke one another to love and good works. Here is a practical comment upon the text. The work of faith and labour of love of this poor girl, influenced a lady to greater exertion: her example induced, in others, increased activity, and thus the leaven spread.

"I may also add, that this lady's children, not content with what they called the rent of

their castle, wanted to do more; and one Christmas holidays two little boys earned, by their own industry, twenty-two shillings, by painting and writing different little devices, which they sold to their friends; this money they, with much pleasure, gave towards rebuilding, in Southern Africa, a school-house and chapel, which had been blown down by a hurricane.

“I hope, my dear children, our heavenly Father may honour us, by making use of us in some humble way to promote his glory; but let me caution you against seeking your own glory, or taking any merit to yourselves on account of your good works; when we have done all, we are ‘unprofitable servants,’ and always need pray with David, ‘Lord cleanse thou me from secret faults.’

“Let us not simply endeavour to gain the means of support for one orphan, but let us bring the subject before our friends whenever we have an opportunity; as the education of heathen children, especially of females, is one of the most likely means of promoting christianity throughout the world.

"Above all, let us abound in prayer, seeking divine guidance in all our ways, taking the word of God as our map to direct us through the wilderness; whilst we are not unmindful of the precept, 'Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.'"^{*}

Our young friends were by no means tired of work, and wished they could sit up all night to hear Mrs. Mortimer talk, when she told them it was more than time to clear away, and gave Harriet the secretary's book to make minutes of the meeting, and enter Emma Heradine's name, as a member of the "Juvenile Working Society," and a subscriber to the "Orphan's Fund." Lucy Harrison's work-box was carefully wrapped up, and one of the young ladies said she would make a cover for it before the next meeting. Our little busy Margaret wished to enlarge her stock of knowledge, by seeing what every body had made since they met. Probably some other little girls, like her, may also wish to know, we will therefore gratify their curiosity.

^{*} Matt. v. 16.

Emma had made a cotton-box, in the shape of a cottage; the chimney was to serve for a thread-paper, and the door for a needle-case,—the appearance of windows was made by putting on some old-fashioned steel ornaments.

Mary made another box, but of plainer shape, covered with brown damask, into which she put some large-eyed needles, coarse cotton, and a thimble; and as the box was very plain, and of such a grave colour, she wrote a label and put it inside, to request it might be given to the oldest woman in the district.

Caroline had made several pincushions of different shapes, and worked a motto on some perforated card-board, for a needle-book.

Harriet finished a neat baby's cap, which her mother cut out; and Margaret, with a little of her sister's help, made a shirt for a baby, out of an odd piece of cambric-muslin.

Mrs. Mortimer completed several little needle-cases, which were quickly made; but she had something in her hand that excited attention, because, as usual, she was using such small pieces; she told them she had been very miserly

in bringing out Mrs. Harrison's elegant gifts, as she expected to turn them to more advantage by and bye; yet, she wished that excellent lady to know they had begun to make use of them, and should certainly shew her the boxes made by Emma and Mary. In looking over the store, she found two scraps of beautiful crimson and black velvet, and a small piece of crimson figured satin: these she had made into pin-cushions to imitate a pair of slippers, and ornamented them with small gilt buttons instead of rosettes; the slippers were stuck round with pins, and gave universal satisfaction; and each young lady longed to go to work upon Mrs. Harrison's old-fashioned things.

They now took an affectionate leave of Mrs. Mortimer; but Margaret ran back for the last kiss, saying at the same time, "Aunt, did you always love the Missionary Society, even when you were a little girl? and who first told you about it? and did you like to work for it then?"

"Gently, my dear, gently," said her aunt, "let me answer one question at a time. The

London Missionary Society was established when I was a child, and my father was one of its earliest members; and I was taught by my mother to love the society; but I never worked for it at that time, as there were no schools formed, and *our* method of doing good was not then thought of. Now, I love all Missionary Societies, and rejoice to find that the Baptists, the Church, and the Methodists, are all doing a vast amount of good; but it is too late to talk about it now, I must tell you more about it another time."

All the young folks wished to hear a great deal more, and sincerely hoped Mrs. Mortimer's Missionary tales would not *soon come to an end*.

We must not enter into the engagements of the members of the "Working Society" during the intermediate days, or our little history will extend beyond the bounds prescribed. Suffice it to observe, that not one of our young friends grew weary in well doing; and if they could not raise their "Orphan Fund" with railway speed, they modestly persevered in asking, and

thankfully received, the smallest trifle, as well as the larger donations, bestowed by their friends. Even a ball of cotton, a packet of needles, or a row of pins, were acceptable; and these were sometimes given by persons who had nothing else to spare, and who could, in this small way, help to prepare a present, to assist our female Missionaries in their arduous undertaking, of teaching poor heathen children.

If you have an abundance, you can give freely, without making any sacrifice; if your means are slender, by good management, you may spare a trifle: and the true test of charity is, to deny ourselves.

Some years ago, a very little boy saw all the members of his family making an effort to supply the deficiency in the Mission fund; he had some money given him to purchase a toy, and a medal he used to call his guinea, these he brought to his mother, and begged she would take him to the minister's house, that he might give *his* money; she told him his medal would be of no use; but as the child attached more

value to that than to the money, he persisted in giving it. The walk was long, the wind boisterous, and the dust troublesome, which almost blinded him; yet, he cheerfully pursued his way, and gave his little *all* to the minister, and went without the new toy.

CHAPTER XI.

AT the next meeting of our young work-women, sundry additions were made to their stock of goods; and the "Orphan's Fund" was steadily increasing, which afforded no small satisfaction to all the party. A donation of sixpence had been received from Betsy Brown, after the sale of her plants; and Mary Bigrave, an orphan, became a penny-a-week subscriber; she could not join the working society, as she was serving an apprenticeship to Mrs. Clark, a respectable milliner; but being invited to visit Mrs. Mortimer, preferred coming that afternoon to work with them.

As soon as our young friends were seated at work, Harriet handed a letter to her aunt, and said, "This is a very long, long letter, from my dear brother Joseph; and how singular, that he should write upon the very subject we were talking about at the last meeting. I thought you would not only like to hear what he says,

but also to read it for the benefit of our friends as we sit at work, as I promised Caroline and Mary should hear it, and I suppose all will be pleased with it."

Her aunt opened it and said, "This is, indeed, a long letter; almost long enough for a sermon. If you are all ready, I will begin."

"B——, January, 1841.

"My dear Harriet,

"Your letter afforded me considerable pleasure, and I am happy to find you not only cheerfully entered upon our good aunt's plans yourself, but induced some of your young friends to unite with you. I hope your number will increase, and that much good will be done by your 'Juvenile Society.'

"You suppose that I am quietly pursuing my studies at college. You are quite mistaken; I am turned Missionary. Perhaps you will say, 'That cannot be true; for I never heard any thing about it before; and I am sure mamma and aunt, would have known all about it:—when he went, what ship he sailed in, and where he was gone to; besides, I am sure he would not have gone without seeing us, or at least writing to us;—and yet, what I have said is all true, I am a Missionary. Aunt will explain what I mean, if you do not understand me. We need not

CHAPTER XI.

AT the next meeting of our women, sundry additions were made to the stock of goods; and the "Orphan" steadily increasing, which afforded satisfaction to all the party. A dower had been received from the estate after the sale of her plants; and an orphan, became a penny-~~worth~~ she could not join the work, as she was serving an apprenticeship to a respectable milliner; but Mrs. Mortimer, preferred to work with them.

As soon as our young women were at work, Harriet handed a letter to them, and said, "This is a very kind letter from your dear brother John. He should write more often, talking about the things you would like to see."

go out of England to be Missionaries; a Missionary is *one that is sent*; but the word is chiefly applied to those who preach the Gospel, and most of all, to those who go *abroad* to preach it. You have heard of the Home Missionaries; I am more like one of them: I preach in a beautiful little chapel in a village, and frequently in houses. It may seem strange, but it is quite true, that whoever is a Missionary at home, is helping the work of Missionaries abroad. How? He prays for them, and teaches others to pray for them; he feels difficulties at home, and that makes him feel for those of Missionaries abroad, which must be so much greater. Then he talks to other people about the heathen, and the work of Missions, and entreats them to do something to help the good work; and of course it gives him great pleasure when any will help: especially, when young people like you will help by collecting, or working, or in any way you can. You are not the only one that is helping thus.

"There are here, at B——, some girls who have cards, on which to set down all the sums they can get, for the Missionary Society. The cards have on them, a pretty picture of the chapel in which I preach, and in which they attend. The cards are ruled at the under-part with lines and spaces, to set down what is collected.

"The young collectors form what is called the 'B—— Juvenile Missionary Society.' There was to have been a regular Society formed last Christmas, when they hoped Mr. Moffatt would be here; but as

he could not come, these young people, rather than be wholly disappointed, formed themselves into a society.

"Now, this I think is *capital*, because the chapel has not been built a year, and they have already a Missionary Society; so that the young people who have begun this good work, may be reckoned the founders of the future Missionary Society in this place. Perhaps some of them may become Missionaries, or Missionaries' wives.

"Who can tell how much you can do to help the good work? There are three things you must attend to, that you may do it well. First, Take care that your own heart is given to God. Secondly, Pray for the blessing of God upon Missions. Thirdly, What you do, do cheerfully. Try and shew that you know the value of your own soul. Think how much has been done to teach you the value of the soul, and to lead *you* to salvation. Many little girls never heard of the gospel. You have known the Holy Scriptures, and have learned to say,

'Dear Lord, this book of thine,
Informs me where to go,
For grace to pardon all my sin,
And make me holy too.'

"Do not neglect to go for grace and pardon. Many children have parents that worship 'idols, wood, and stone.' You have parents who have taught you, and prayed for you, and shewed you how to do good to

others. What a sad thing it would be if you should try to do good to others, and yet be lost yourself.

"How glad the heathen would have been, if they had known sooner about Jesus and his gospel; and how many children's lives it would have saved, so that they might have made their parents happy.

"I have good Mr. Williams's book lying before me now, and will tell you something I read in it. When some, who were once heathen, met for happy worship and religious enjoyment, one of the chiefs, who was a very old man, and had quite grey hair, got up and said, 'Oh that I had known the gospel was coming! Oh that I had known these blessings were in store for us! then I should have saved my children, and they would have been among the happy group, repeating these precious truths; but alas! I destroyed them all; I have not *one* left.' Then he blamed the *gods* they used to worship; and addressing those gods said, 'It was you who infused this savage disposition into us; and now I shall die childless, though I have been the father of nineteen children.' Then the poor man sat down and wept,—as well he might. Now, it is all through the goodness of God, that your parents knew better than the heathen, and that you have been taught better things. Take care to improve your knowledge to the salvation of your own soul, then you will love to pray; and if you pray, that will lead you to do cheerfully what you do for the cause of Christ.

"Every shilling you earn, and every penny you give, will help to send out the gospel to some dark

land; and I am sure if you give it for the sake of Christ, you will do it with pleasure, and find a reward in doing it. I may write to *you* about myself; so I will tell you what *I* once did. You have heard about the Missionary ship, *Camden*; when there was a talk about buying that ship, many good people gave money towards paying for it, and I wished to do so too. Now, you know students are often poor; and you know that I am not rich, how then was I to give? I will tell you. I was sent out to preach, where I knew they would give me a certain sum for preaching, on the first Sabbath in the year; so I thought I would give the first money I received to the cause of Christ; I wished also, if possible, to send it quite free of expense; for I was a long way from London, and we had not then the benefit of *cheap postage*.

"I talked about the love of Christ in my sermon, and the pleasure of helping to send the good news to others; and said, if we gave something towards the new ship, if it would only buy a nail or a bolt, we should seem to have a property in this 'messenger of peace,' and a particular interest in its success, which would reward self-denial for the sake of doing something. You will easily see, that I was not preaching what I did not intend to practice. When the service was over, the deacon of the place gave me a larger sum than was usually given to supplies; and thus I was unexpectedly provided with the means of sending, free of expense to the society.

"Now, there are two things I wish you to notice

in this. First, The kind providence of God in providing what was required to pay the postage, and thus giving a sort of approval of the gift of his poor servant; for I like to observe the providence of God in little things. Secondly, The great pleasure gained by the self-denial in this instance for Christ's sake; for you may be sure I never hear of the *Camden*, but I think of my little offering; and then that leads me to think of the goodness of God to me, and of the purpose for which the *Camden* is used, and of the people that sail in her, and this leads me to wish them well, and to pray for their success, and to ask God's blessing on the Missionaries, and on the heathen.

"How glad I was when the *Camden* sailed, that I had an interest in her; not that there is anything for me to boast of, since I gave only what God had given me, and might say with others, 'Of thine own have we given Thee.'

"Then, how often have I heard of the *Camden* since, and almost always with new pleasure; thus you see my little donation is still sailing about far and wide in the service of the Saviour, and still returning a reward to the giver, far richer than if he had spent it in anything for his own use or pleasure. Try and think of your donations in this way, as given to Christ; and cherish a grateful feeling to God, that he allows you to have such an honour as to be thus helping to spread the gospel.

"I have said, there was *almost always* pleasure in hearing of the *Camden*, because you will remember

there was one cause of sorrow when she went to Erromango, and Williams was killed. Yet may we rejoice while we weep, or even wipe away our tears, when we think of his reward. He gave his *all*—he offered *himself*—in the service of the Saviour. Now, he is in heaven; angels are his companions; he waves a palm of victory; he wears a crown of glory; he enjoys the rest of eternity, and receives the reward of his work. For him ‘to die was gain.’ They who are left must feel the loss, and for *them* we may weep.

“What a mercy it will be for those who have helped the martyr on earth, to meet him in heaven! What a blessing for those who have seen Williams below, if they should enjoy the privilege of meeting him above!

“That my dear Harriet may not only be helping the Missionaries on earth, but preparing to meet them in heaven, is the sincere prayer of

“Her affectionate brother,

“JOSEPH.

“P.S. Some lines I here send you, may suit the case of the martyr Missionary; I hope they will please you. Go on with your good work and your efforts; and though you may not be much *seen* or *talked of*, you may not less surely help the cause of Christ, nor will you be less sure of your reward.”

ON THE DEATH OF THE MARTYR MISSIONARY.

Weep not for the saint that ascends,
To partake in the joys of the sky;
Weep not for the seraph that bends
With the worshipping chorus on high.

Weep not for the spirit now crowned,
With the garland to martyrdom given;
Oh ! weep not for him—he has found
His reward and his refuge in heaven.

But weep for the mourners who stand
By the grave of their brother, in sadness;
And weep for the heathen, whose land
Still must wait for the day-spring of gladness.

The reading of the letter gave rise to much serious conversation. Mrs. Mortimer exhorted her young friends not to be discouraged, or look on the dark side on account of the removal of such a useful man, but to stir each other up to new efforts to send “the day-spring of gladness” to the heathen world; since God is graciously raising up others to fill the place of those who are gone, and the *Camden* is still sailing with the messengers of mercy. The Missionaries at Upolu were, for a time, dismayed at the

doleful intelligence of Williams's death; but in the strength of divine grace they soon girded themselves afresh for the contest, and one and all agreed to part with their lives, rather than the *Camden* should be stayed in her progress of conveying Teachers to the Islands of the Pacific. Even now, Mr. Heath is carrying out Mr. Williams's plans, and placing native Teachers at many of the Islands of the Samoan group; and poor benighted Erromango itself, consecrated by the martyr's blood, has already received two Teachers; and thus the light of life has begun to shine upon them, whilst numerous other Islands are waiting for the joyful sound of christian instruction.

These increased demands exhaust the Missionary treasury, and make it imperative upon us to do what we can to raise fresh resources, that the work of saving souls may keep going on.

Margaret was rather chagrined that Joseph had sent such a long letter to Harriet and none to her, and could hardly be prevailed upon to think it was quite as much to her as to her sis-

ter; but the assurance that he would send her some poetry upon the same subject, reconciled her mind to the present disappointment.

The remainder of our young party could not help expressing their good wishes for so kind and good a brother, and were almost ready to envy the Stanleys; and each begged of Mrs. Mortimer to invite him, the next time he came home, to attend their working-meeting, that he might give them an address.

"When I was at my uncle Allerton's on Monday," said Caroline Fletcher, "I asked him to give me some little books to send to the poor heathen children. He asked me where I wanted to send them, and I could not tell him; so he laughed at me and said, the poor heathen could not read English books, but if I liked, he would give some slates and pencils, and a few copy-books and pens. I told him I thought they would be useful, and would inquire."

Mrs. Mortimer assured her, that nothing could be more acceptable, as such things were in great demand in all the schools; some children were obliged to write in sand, others on

leaves, and others on soft stone, and that when she read Mr. Ellis's works, she would learn the value of slates and copy-books.

Their attention was here arrested by a rap at the door, and Mrs. Mortimer's servant entered; who, not wishing to be outdone by Ann, had secured every leisure moment to prepare her "offering;" which, though not costly, was given with such evident good feeling, and displayed so much ability, as to give pleasure to all, but to none more than her kind mistress. Nancy curtsied, as she approached the table with her basket, and begged the ladies would condescend to accept of a few trifles she had made, as she should always love to think of some little heathen child being rewarded with an article of her making. Nancy's basket contained nearly thirty different articles, consisting of pincushions, needle-books, and work-bags. If you wonder how she could afford it, I may tell you, she had learned of her mistress to gather up the fragments; and these pieces she had picked up at different times, were now turned to an important purpose. Some of the pincushions were

made with print, ornamented with bows or tassels, and pins stuck in flowers or words, such as "faith," "hope," "charity," "love to God," and other mottos. The pins were the only things that cost her money; some of the pincushions, of a very pretty shape, were made out of a blue kid glove she had found; and the needle-books were chiefly made with tradesmen's cards, which had on them copperplate engravings. Some of the bags were patch-work, but so neatly and prettily executed, as to render them fit patterns for any child.

Nancy's present was a pleasing addition to their already-made stock, and Harriet was delighted to find other people actuated by the same sentiments as her brother. He was happy to think he had an interest in the *Camden*, and Nancy was happy in having an opportunity of thinking she had done something to aid the schools, if only by sending a reward for a poor heathen child.

The word of unerring truth assures us, "it is more blessed to give than to receive," and the happy experience of every benevolent person

confirms the fact. What more pure or hallowed satisfaction can we wish for, than is to be found in seeking to advance the glory of God? We shall never repent giving our best days to his service, and consecrating our youth and vigour to the advancement of his kingdom upon earth. Let us say, with the pious Dr. Watts,—

“To Him be sacred, all we have,
From the young cradle to the grave.”

Emma Heradine said, she was only sorry she had not thought of these things before, and hoped that with the advice and assistance of her new friend, she should in future spend her time to better purpose. She was glad her sister Mary had prevailed upon her to join the working society; she was resolved to spare something for the general fund. Instead of having books out of Mr. Dickenson's library, she determined to save her money and give it to the Missionary Society; and even by this she would be a gainer, as the books Mrs. Mortimer offered her were so superior to those she had been accustomed to read. She then asked a question about the Caffres, which led Mrs. Mortimer to

give some account of the visit of the Caffre Chief to England; of the Hottentot, and Mr. Read, who accompanied him and acted as interpreter; and of the benefit their nation or tribe was likely to derive from it.

With the assistance of Mary Bigrave, who worked very quickly, a great deal was accomplished, and so much added to their stock, that each young lady was of opinion, that after another meeting, a present might be made up to send to one school by way of beginning.

An appeal was made to Mrs. Mortimer, for her advice in selecting the first school to commence with. She suggested, as they had just been talking about the Caffre Chief, and Stofles, the Hottentot, that it might perhaps be as well to begin with Southern Africa; it was also her opinion, that encouragement was more needed there than in some other parts. And as their object was to do the most good they could with such slender means, it was desirable their present should be sent to the most destitute station; she therefore advised, that they should send a box of articles to the Cape of Good

Hope, to Dr. Philip, who is well acquainted with all the stations in that part of the world, and that they should write to him, requesting him to send it where it would be most acceptable and useful.

The young ladies readily agreed to this proposal; but some of them expressed a fear lest they should not have a letter in return, unless some school in particular was fixed upon. For, the receipt of a letter written by a heathen child and addressed to them, was looked forward to as a new era in their history, and an event which would more than recompense all their efforts.

Mrs. Mortimer said, in answer to this objection, "That difficulty may be obviated by writing a note to Dr. Philip, to tell him, that we should like to have a letter from one of the children, accompanied with a translation by one of the Missionaries; otherwise the letter could afford little gratification, since it would be impossible to read it, because we are unacquainted with their language."

Our young friends had forgotten this, and

smiled at their own folly, while they were thankful to have so kind a friend to correct their mistakes.

It was now decided, that Mrs. Mortimer should prepare a letter to accompany their present ; and each young lady pledged herself to do what she could to add to the value of it, before the next meeting.

Mary Bigrave said she had two dolls, neatly dressed, which she should 'like to send, as she feared she should not have time to do any work, and it would be a source of regret to her not to send some trifle.

Margaret wished to know what kind of box would be wanted, as Herbert had quite a workshop in the garden, and he could make a box, as he had plenty of wood and nails. Her aunt congratulated her upon this discovery of Herbert's ability to help them, and told her he should have the dimensions of the required box in a day or two. She promised also, to engage a friend to convey it to the Mission-House in London, free of expense, as every penny saved to the Society was equal to a penny given.

Nancy again entered the room with a basket containing another acceptable present, though not of work for the schools, but of choice fruit for the working-party, brought by honest old Reuben, from Haddon-Hall, at the request of Mrs. Harrison; and the old man considered himself richly rewarded for his labour, by being invited into the parlour to see the "pretty work that was to be sent over the sea to the outlandish children." Nancy presently brought plates, and all the party enjoyed the fruit, after their close application to work. But Harriet asked permission to save her bunch of grapes for a poor little friendless Irish girl her mamma had been to see, who was very ill, and the people where she lodged were catholics, and did not behave well to her, because she went to a protestant Sunday School. A plate of fruit was instantly voted for the poor girl, but not by allowing Harriet to give up her share, for the whole party insisted upon having an equal right to contribute; and Mrs. Mortimer having inquired where the girl lived, said she would go and see her.

“Now, my dear young friends,” said she, “this reminds me of another subject to which I have been anxious to call your attention. Popery is again struggling to gain an ascendancy; and not content with the ground already occupied, is endeavouring to settle its emissaries among the christian converts from heathenism. This is a loud call to us to double our diligence to supply the means of education both at home and abroad, and to place the word of God in the hands of all the children in our schools. Sound scriptural instruction will do more towards subverting error, than all the controversies that are carried on; and for yourselves, I am particularly desirous that you should become more and more acquainted with ‘The Holy Scriptures,’ which are able to make you ‘wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus,’ and to keep you from erring, both in principle and in practice.

“At a time, when Romanists and Infidels are striving to make proselytes, be thankful that you have the Bible for your guide, and admire the providence of God, who has, from

time to time, raised up faithful and laborious men to translate it into so many different languages, that wherever Missionary Schools are formed, the children can read 'in their own tongue wherein they were born,' the wonderful love of God. I hope you will quietly persevere in the undertaking we have commenced (not to the neglect of any other duty), and though our means are but feeble, God can honour them. You may be instrumental in placing some poor orphan boy under the care of a pious teacher, whose instruction may be blessed to the saving of his soul, and he may go forth to preach the gospel of rich grace, to his perishing and ignorant countrymen. You may educate a poor girl, who may eventually become the mother of a native teacher; and thus, though you have no large sums to contribute to the Missionary Society, you may be sowing seed, which shall bear 'sixty or a hundred fold' to the glory of God.

"Here are a few trifling articles of clothing cut out, for some of the poor children; I hope you will all do your parts towards making them

to send with the other presents. As they will be most acceptable in the African stations, I wish each of you to take home what you think you will have time to do."

Our young friends selected a bundle of work to divide amongst them, and, as usual, left Mrs. Mortimer's in high good humour.

MISSIONARY HYMN.

The Indian main, and the African host,
The isles of the ocean, the lands of her coast,
Shall marshal their tribes to the house of the Lord,
And bow, in the fulness of time, to his word.

Their idols shall crumble, their glory shall wane,
The moles and the bats shall inhabit their fane;
From Zion the law of the Lord shall go forth,
From lands of the morning to climes of the north.

And are not the harvest-fields white even now?
See! Bel stoopeth lowly, and Nebo must bow;
The Hydra of India quails at the cross,
The gold of her shrines is accounted but dross.

The pride of the crescent is hasting away,
The fane of the idol is gone to decay,
The light of the altar is waning and dim,
And low are the tones of the Mussulman's hymn.

Oh, arm of the Lord ! in thy glory awake :
In brightness the morn of thy presence shall break ;
The princes of Sheba their treasure shall bring,
And Seba shall kneel at the feet of her King !

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